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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

G. Edison is Associate Professor of Ethics at Trinity College, University of Toronto.

Leon S. Garczynski, who was born in Poland, received his university education at the Sorbonne. At present he is an editor and journalist in Toronto.

Charles I. Glicksberg, Assistant Professor of English at Brooklyn College, is the author of *Walt Whitman and the Civil War*, and of many essays on literary subjects some of which have been contributed to the Quarterly.

Allan McAndrew, Professor of French at the University of New Brunswick, is the author of *Louis Hémon, sa vie et son œuvre.*

Phyllis MacKenzie, a graduate of Victoria College, University of Toronto, wrote her essay on Milton's imagery while studying at Radcliffe College as holder of the Margaret Addison Memorial Scholarship, sponsored by the Victoria College Alumnae.

E. Munzer is a professor at Laval University and the author of *The Dynamic Budget.*

Desmond Pacey, who is Head of the Department of English at the University of New Brunswick, has recently published a critical biography of Frederick Philip Grove.

James A. Roy, Professor of English at Queen's University, has published critical monographs, verse, and verse translations. Two books of his, *The Heart is Highland* and *The Scot and Canada*, are soon to be published.

Doris B. Saunders is Professor of English at the University of Manitoba.

F. H. Soward is Professor of History and Director of International Studies at the University of British Columbia.

Bruce Sutherland is Associate Professor of English Literature at the Pennsylvania State College.

PLATO AND FREUD[1]

G. EDISON

These are the properties of the rational soul: it sees itself, analyses itself, and makes itself such as it chooses.—Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations* XI.

WHEN the world was younger and the skies were uncontested, there was a time when utterances from the gods were not disdained. It was then, so we are told, that the Pythian Apollo had his say. It was then that his paternal injunction, Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, "Know thyself," first proclaimed the problem which has kept the introspective mind in travail from that day to this. Man has a fickle memory, but it is not surprising that he has recalled this injunction in every age, since none could have been more congenial to his inquiring spirit. To be sure, most of us are quite unable to summon the poet's interest in "everything created in the bounds of earth and sky"; but few of us, if we are honest, would disclaim an interest in ourselves, or in that most engrossing of all mortal quests, the quest to discover something of the nature of the rock from which we were hewn or of the pit from which we were digged.

Today, however, the paradox of our position in respect of self-knowledge appears to be that though we know so much, we are almost as lamentably situated as if we knew nothing at all! For confirmation of this, we have only to turn to the experts under whose indefatigable hands man has been carved apart at all his joints and had his various members and functions gone over in endless detail. What is Man? He is anything and everything we would have him be. The anthropologist explains that he is a sort of mammalian freak, an animal that cooks his own victuals; the biologist points out that he is a prodigy among the primates in that he has taken to two feet in place of four, with the result that he tends to get kinks in the spine and collapses in the pelvic orifice; the sociologist has it that he is a "function" of his own social patterns; the economist, that he is a producer as well as a consumer, both of which enterprises are contingent upon something in the nature of things called the "economic balance"; the psychologist tells us that he is the product of such things as reflexes, hormic drives, ductless glands, and feeling-states; and the theologian points out that he is a creature above the beasts yet below the angels, half dust, half deity, who has been endowed with an immortal soul and vouchsafed the means of grace, both of which he prefers to exchange for a mess of pottage!

In all this we do not intend to decry either the value or the legitimacy, in their several domains, of these many different approaches to the de-

[1]This paper was delivered in the 1945-6 series of University College Lectures.

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scription of man. The point we wish to make is that very few of these so-called answers to the question, What is Man? have any direct bearing upon the kind of self-knowledge which the Apollonian dictum implies; and when we assume that these answers really yield such knowledge, then, like Chanticleer, who attributed the sunrise to his crowing, we pitiably deceive ourselves, and, either in arrogance or in naïveté, end up by believing we know much more about ourselves than in fact we do.

With this in mind, it may prove salutary to consider two historic attempts to give man this knowledge of himself without which he remains a forlorn and distracted creature in an alien world. The choice of Plato and Freud seems to favour our purpose, since Plato makes one of the earliest, and, without question, one of the greatest contributions to this field of inquiry, and Freud one of the more recent, and, again without question, one of the more provocative contributions. Our discussion, like Plato's soul, Freud's ego, and Caesar's Gaul, is divided into three parts: in the first of which we shall be concerned with the nature of difference or contrariety within the self; in the second, with the meaning of neurosis; and in the third, with the problem of sublimation.

I

We shall deal with Plato's account of the soul as it is given in the fourth book of the *Republic*, and we shall begin with the asking of what he calls "a hard question": "Whether in our actions we always use the same element, or whether there are different ones which are used for different purposes? Do we, that is, *learn* (μανθάνομεν) with one, and *feel anger* (θυμούμεθα) with another of the elements within us, and with a third *desire* (ἐπιθυμοῦμεν) the pleasures of food and drink and propagation, and so forth; whenever we have an impulse to action, do we employ *the whole soul* on each of these different occasions?"

Before considering all that is involved in this question, we note that it clearly implies Plato's tripartite division of the soul into that with which we learn, that with which we feel anger, and that with which we desire. These three elements are subsequently named the rational or deliberative form of the soul (λογιστικόν); the spirited or ambitious form of the soul (θυμοειδές), which impels one not only to anger, but to action in general; and finally, the appetitive or desiring form of the soul (ἐπιθυμητικόν), whence derive the cravings to have. On the surface, this division tempts one to draw an obvious parallel between Plato's three forms and the three components of consciousness—cognition, affection, conation—which have become the sanctified commonplaces of contemporary psychology. But to do so, we submit, is to misunderstand the whole point and perspective of Plato's analysis. As the context makes clear, he is not concerned with the psychologist's problem of specifying states of consciousness; he is occupied throughout with the question of distinguishing the primary

incentives giving rise to three quite distinct types of pursuit in life—the pursuit of wealth (φιλοκερδής), the pursuit of honour (φιλότιμος), and the pursuit of wisdom (φιλόσοφος)—and thus accounting for three different kinds of moral character which contribute their respective endeavours to the composition of society. This point is of decisive consequence in that it indicates that Plato's approach to the soul is that of a moral philosopher, and, therefore, that his mode of analysis at every stage is determined by the ethical issues involved. Plato sees man and seeks both to understand and describe him in the light of his moral employments. In this sense he stands unmistakably in contrast to the modern psychologist. To belittle this contrast, or to attempt to conceal it, is not to mend Plato's cause for him, but to miss the entire import of his approach to psychology; and as between his approach and that of the moderns, the advantage, we shall try to show, lies rather conclusively with Plato.

We return then to the question of "whether in our actions we always use the same element, or whether there are different ones which are used for different purposes?" The salient fact about differences in the soul, however they may be conceived, is that *we* as self-conscious beings are aware of them, that they are differences within *us*. Therefore, the very existence of difference as we are aware of it involves in itself the existence of a unifying subject. But what is the specific nature of these differences within the activity of the soul? Granting the presence of appetite or desire (ἐπιθυμία), spirit or feeling (θυμός), and reason or judgment (φρόνησις), does any one of these disclose within itself the kind of difference with which Plato is really concerned? Manifestly, difference in the form of moral conflict or contrariety cannot be ascribed to any *particular* appetite or feeling or judgment in itself, for, "it is obvious," says Socrates, "that the same thing will not at one and the same time . . . do two opposite things or be in two opposite states." This is merely an assertion of the fact that we cannot in the same condition be at once hungry and not hungry, angry and not angry, nor, in respect of the same object in the same way and at the same time, make a judgment yet not make it. Considered singly, then, no individual act of the soul is in conflict or at odds with itself.

Nor, moreover, is conflict or contrariety to be found within any one *division* of the soul considered in separation from the others, that is, within desires solely in relation to one another or within feelings solely in relation to one another. The notion that desires or feelings in themselves are capable of generating conflicts exercises a curiously tenacious hold over men's thinking. Clearly it is a view which is not based on the facts of experience, since these facts flatly confute it. H. W. B. Joseph suggests that it is a notion which derives whatever plausibility it has from an implied analogy to the physical sciences.[2] In terms of this analogy, desires are spoken of as "forces," and since in dynamics when there are opposing forces,

[2] *Ancient and Modern Philosophy* (Oxford, 1935), 54-7.

the stronger compels the weaker, so in the case of apparently conflicting motives or desires, it is assumed that we are experiencing a contest of relative strengths, and the fact that any given desire carries the day is in itself accepted as *prima facie* evidence of its superior strength. Thus, it is concluded that the strongest desire is the desire which is put into effect.

The expression "strongest desire" can be peculiarly equivocal; it is one of those phrases which as Humpty-Dumpty pointed out can simply be paid extra and made to mean what one likes! If it is interpreted *a fortiori* as Thomas Hobbes's "last desire," that is, the desire which is actually carried out, then of course, all that has been established is that the effective desire is the strongest desire because it is effective—which, like Miss Stein's formula that "a rose is a rose is a rose," cannot very well be gainsaid, but which tells us precisely nothing. It is reminiscent of Mr. Darwin's account of "the survival of the fittest," in which those species that survive do so because they are fittest, and they are fittest because otherwise they would obviously not have survived! But we must examine the other, commoner meaning of the term "strongest," which it takes over directly from the physical concept of "force" or "power."

There are few facts which force themselves more poignantly into our consciousness than that of the different intensities of our various desires. These intensities range all the way from, as we say, wanting something "desperately" to "not caring a fig," and in general it is not too difficult to distinguish, as between two desires, which is the stronger in the sense of more intense, urgent, or insistent. Granting this usage, and there seems no reason to quarrel with it, the point remains that because we want something desperately, because literally this want *is* our strongest desire, it by no means follows that this is the desire upon which we shall act. In other words, strength of desire merely by virtue of its forcefulness does not of itself determine that the desire will prove effective.

But even if the strongest desire does prevail, and clearly there are many times when this does happen, still there is no problem of conflict or contrariety involved, for, if strength alone is determinative, then there is no consideration given to deciding whether what is most wanted, is or is not what one *should* have, or what would be *good* for one. Thus, were man merely to follow the dicta of his dominant desires, he would never undergo what Augustine in his *Confessions* describes as the experience of being "a riddle unto himself"; he would simply exist on the delightfully uncomplicated, but rather undistinguished, level of the young gentleman who declared:

> I always do what I desire,
> I know it isn't nice;
> But then it saves the endless chore
> Of always thinking twice!

Were this all there were to the problem of human conduct, then morally no man's withers would be wrung!

What applies to the desires, also holds good for the feelings. Weighed in terms of themselves without involvement in any moral issue, they cannot be said to be self-conflicting. Lewis Carroll succinctly illustrates this for us in the characters of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, who have agreed to have a battle:

> "Do I look very pale?" said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on.
> "Well . . . yes . . . a *little*," Alice replied gently.
> "I'm very brave generally," he went on in a low voice, "only to-day I happen to have a headache."
> "And I've got a toothache!" said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark.

Whereupon Alice suggests that they put off their quarrel until another day when they are both *feeling* more in the humour for it! Here then, as in the case of desires, there is no essential problem of conflict; one feeling simply ousts another, with the result that the earlier incentive gives way to the later, and as there were no moral commitments at the beginning, there are no moral regrets at the end.

Whereas, then, the mechanical analogy has some relevance to those types of behaviour which are explicable solely in terms of stronger or weaker desires or feelings, it is in the final analysis both misleading and insufficient —misleading in the sense that it implies a reduction of all conduct to the unreflective and uncritical level of mere pushes and pulls; and insufficient in the sense that it is wholly incapable of accounting for any *decision* which arises out of moral discrimination and which frequently may have precedence over even the strongest of desires.

If the conflict does not lie within the appetites or feelings considered in themselves, where then is it to be discovered? It is discovered in the relations of either or both of these lower divisions of the soul to the highest division, that of the reasoning or judging element. This element alone is capable of accounting for the kind of difference Plato is referring to, for it alone is able to act as a κριτής, a judge or examiner, of the various motives claiming indulgence and to decide which of these should be admitted and which denied. Thus, says Socrates, when people "are sometimes thirsty and yet decline to drink, . . . must we not say that there is that in their soul which orders them to drink, and there is that which hinders them from drinking . . . and that which hinders in these cases is produced there by *reasoning*, while the impulses leading and dragging the soul are engendered by particular conditions and diseases." Clearly then, it is the element of "reason" which provides the principle of unity within the soul, in the sense that it both comprehends and supervises all other elements. This is not a matter of idle opinion or conjecture; it is a straightforward description of fact.

The attempt to explore the full significance of the principle of unity in the soul would lead us well beyond the territory of our present inquiry far into the upper reaches of Plato's final ethical doctrine. However, we needs

must remark that the function of reason is not reduced to what Hobbes called "an astute concupiscence," that is, to being a mere *entrepreneur* negotiating the success of the transactions between desires and their objects. To be sure, reason does adjudicate between desires, does weigh the appropriateness of their manifold objects, and does seek to discover expedient means for their attainment; but it is by no means limited to these menial occupations. On the contrary, one of the sternest lessons reason teaches is the ancient futility of searching for lasting satisfactions in the mere routine of passing appetites and desires. Satisfactions of this kind are at best fleeting and inconclusive; they are, as Schopenhauer said, "like the alms thrown to a beggar today to prolong his misery tomorrow." Reason's major concern, then, is not to wait attendance upon particular desires in order to do their bidding for them. It has a higher affiliation and a weightier service; it owes allegiance to the *whole* of man, not exclusively to any party within him, and thus it subserves and promotes the total welfare. In so doing, it relates all individual pursuits and interests to the conception of ever more comprehensive ends, or τέλη, in the fulfilment of which the soul discovers its ἄριστον, its supreme good.

Now Plato is not silly enough to imagine that all men at all times are sublimely rational, in the sense of fully comprehending their own good. In this matter he is neither more nor less realistic than the rest of us. He does not presuppose a world of sainted aunts; nor is he wont to cry "stinking fish" whenever some unfortunate falls by the wayside. What he is maintaining is that each man in his own fashion is seeking his own good, and that however partial and pitiful his conception of himself may be, nevertheless it is a general satisfaction of *the self as a whole* that he is after. Only in relation to some such general εἶδος of the self and its realization is it possible to explain or understand man. It is this alone which makes him a responsible being, called upon to deliberate the worth of some immediate and seeming good in the light of some more general and comprehensive objective. In the end then, it is this capacity for rational deliberation or choice which makes conflict or contrariety within the soul intelligible, and which gives man his final, though often fatal distinction, the distinction of being a moral, rather than a mechanical, animal.

II

In contrast to the foregoing argument, we turn to Freud to discover how a professed mechanist seeks to account for conflict in the soul. Like Plato, Freud conceives of the self as being tripartite. In his case, however, the three constituents are designated as the conscious Ego, the unconscious Id, and the Super-Ego. Since each of these is dominated by an incentive which sets it at variance with the others, the relations between them can more aptly be compared to the goings-on in a War Office than to those in a Department of External Affairs! Particularly is this true of the Id and the

Super-Ego who serve quite different masters, the Id obeying the commands of Eros or the sex-instincts, and the Super-Ego, the commands of Thanatos, the ego- or death-instincts. These two instincts together constitute what Freud calls the basic sources of "energy-discharge" within the self, as opposed to those excitations coming through consciousness from the external world. Thus, in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, he writes:

> So far we have got to the point that the living vesicle is equipped with a protection against stimuli from the outer world. But this sensitive layer [what is later the system *Bewusstein*, i.e., consciousness] also receives excitations from within: the position of the system between outer and inner, and the difference in the conditions under which this receptivity operates on the two sides, become deciding factors for the functioning of the whole psychic apparatus. Towards the outer world there is a barrier against stimuli . . . towards what is within, no protection against stimuli is possible, the excitations of the deeper layers pursue their way direct and in undiminished mass into the system, while certain characteristics of their course produce the series of pleasure-pain feelings. Naturally the excitations coming from within will, in conformity with their intensity . . . or possibly their amplitude, be more proportionate to the mode of operation of the system than the stimuli streaming in from the outer world.[3]

After some pages, in which "charges" and "counter-charges" of energy are introduced, we at length discover that the charging process is really the prototype of the sexually exciting mechanism, and that the counter-charge, or the "binding" of free flowing energy into quiescent states, is the prototype of the conservative, repressive, or death-inducing mechanism. Thus, Freud concludes:

> They [the sex-instincts and their components] are the actual life instincts; the fact that they run counter to the trend of the other instincts which lead towards death, indicates a contradiction between them and the rest, one which the theory of neurosis has recognized as full of significance. There is as it were an oscillating rhythm in the life of the organism: the one group of instincts presses forward to reach the final goal of life as quickly as possible, the other flies back at a certain point on the way only to traverse the same stretch once more from a given spot, and thus to prolong the duration of the journey. Although sexuality . . . certainly did not exist at the dawn of life, nevertheless, it remains possible that the instincts which are later described as sexual were active from the very beginning and took up the part of opposition to the role of the "ego-instincts" then, and not only at some later time.[4]

In terms of these two primary instinctual forces, each of which has enregistered within it a biologically predetermined goal, Freud endeavours to explain the vastly complicated psychical dynamism which he has constructed out of repressions, reaction-formations, displacements, projections, and so forth. But in the end he has only what he had to begin with, no more than a *machine*, operating, as he himself says, "under the inexorable law of nature, the sublime Anankē [necessity]." This same necessity obtains in the conscious as well as in the unconscious self, for it must be remembered that the so-called "reality-principle" of the Ego is only a

[3] *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, trans. by C. J. M. Hubback (New York, 1922), 32-3.
[4] *Ibid.*, 50-1.

modification of the "pleasure-principle" of the Id; it enjoys no final autonomy of its own. Thus, in *The Ego and the Id* he states: "We see the ego as a poor creature owing service to three masters, and consequently menaced by three several dangers: from the external world, from the libido of the id, and from the severity of the super-ego. Like the dweller in the borderland that it is, the ego tries to mediate these several demands."[5] But it turns out that this mediation implies no independent principle, since the Ego is inalienably committed to the cause of the Id, not only as "an ally," but as "a submissive slave who courts the love of his master." In all this then, as well as in his analysis of psychopathic states, although Freud succeeds in specifying difference of function within the soul, it is strictly a mechanistic difference, disguised largely in biological language. Nowhere does he actually account for the kind of difference which Plato maintains is of final psychological significance: the difference which gives rise to a moral conflict involving a rational conception of some good to which the self is committed.

III

We shall now deal briefly with Plato's account of "neurosis." Needless to say, he does not use this rather barbaric term and it seems a pity to foist it upon him. He talks much less pretentiously about a kind of "quarrel" (*στάσις*) or "rebellion" (*ἐπανάστασις*) within the soul. We may be forgiven when it is explained that we employ it only to show that though names may change, there are few new ailments under the sun, and neurosis certainly is not one of them!

In discussing neurotic behaviour, Plato, like the moderns, had learned the effectiveness of case histories. Thus, he prefaces his analysis with the story of Leontius, the son of Aglaion:

> Leontius was coming up from the Peiraeus, close to the outer side of the north wall, when he saw some dead bodies lying near the executioner, and he felt a desire to look upon them, and at the same time felt disgust at the thought, and tried to turn aside. For some time he fought with himself and put his hands over his eyes, but in the end the desire got the better of him, and opening his eyes wide with his fingers he ran forward to the bodies, saying, "There you are, curse you, have your fill of the lovely spectacle!"[6]

Here then, we have a clear illustration of open warfare between two principles in the soul, desire and reason; but note that it is warfare arising out of a moral issue. This is attested by the presence of a third factor, anger (*θυμός*), which Plato stresses allies itself with the reason in fighting the desires. Anger is a passion or feeling and belongs to *θυμοειδές*, the intermediate function of the soul, and the fact that it is more closely associated with reason than are the appetites is of crucial significance in realizing the nature of the conflict. To ask why a man is drawn to horrible sights, like asking him why he is hungry, why he is thirsty, or why he is

[5] *The Ego and the Id*, trans. by Joan Riviere (London, 1927), 82.
[6] *Republic*, Bk. IV, 339.

sexual, is a self-stultifying question; he just *is*. Since appetites of this kind, therefore, are not the products of the reasoning self, by the same token reason cannot think them away. In this sense, the lower orders of appetite or desire are quite beyond the jurisdiction of unaided intellect. This, however, is not so with man's spirited or emotional nature, for it is quite proper to ask why a person is angry or why afraid, and in principle there is no reason why he should not be able to tell us, as, for example, when someone explains, "I'm mad because I've been done out of my fair share," or "I'm afraid that the gun may go off," etc. The immediate relevance of this distinction can now be seen. Between reason and appetite stand the emotions, which, unlike the basic appetites, are capable of being informed by reason; thus, depending upon the degree to which we have come to know what is good, they can be summoned in the service of moral discrimination, and at its behest can enforce the cause of controlling and directing the appetitive self. Without their aid, reason would be disarmed and forced to the wall, and the appetites would sweep everything before them.

Here we come upon one of Plato's unshakable convictions—the conviction that man's emotional or passionate nature need not be reckoned the source of irrationalism in human affairs, but that, to the contrary, when properly understood it can be held to be the staunchest champion of the rights of reason. In this he stands squarely in opposition to all modern views which attempt to establish the priority of feeling, which would have us believe that thinking is merely adjectival to action, that reason simply provides justifications for what has already been determined emotionally. The notion that "the heart has its reasons which the reason cannot understand," would seem to Plato the most pernicious form of psychological moonshine; he would see in it nothing but the worst kind of sentimental vitiation of the whole doctrine that virtue consists in knowledge. It is the sort of notion which in practice inspires men blindly to hope for results, and then sets them to whimpering when all they get are consequences!

Plato did not, of course, contend, what would be factually false, that such emotions as anger are always enlightened. He would certainly be quite ready to admit with Aristotle that frequently they seem "to listen to argument to some extent, but to mishear it, as do hasty servants who run out before they have heard the whole of what one says, and then muddle the order." The point he makes is that this need not be so, that when our emotions have been sufficiently informed, when, in short, we fully realize the value of the good in relation to the self, our passionate nature will endorse, not disrupt, the government of reason. If we fail to inform our emotions, and through them discipline our desires, then we are in instant jeopardy of internecine strife in which we may literally be torn asunder.

In a small way, this is precisely what was happening to Leontius, for though, as Plato indicates, "he was angry with himself," his anger was not reasoned enough to be effective. Hence, for lack of mature self-knowledge,

which to Plato is the ultimate σωφροσύνη (sanity), he found himself doing in one sense what he did not want to do in another, with the characteristically neurotic results described. But though the battle was lost, it was throughout a *moral* battle. Anger, then, when inadequately schooled may become the most destructive of human forces, both internally, when directed against the self, and externally, when directed against others. But when it is panoplied in the knowledge of the good, then internally it has the power to police any man's house and keep it in order, and externally it will, as Socrates puts it, "fight without fail on the side of what a man believes to be just, and . . . though he suffer hunger and cold and every kind of privation, he perseveres till he conquers, and never desists from his *noble indignation* until he has either accomplished his purpose or perished." It is not inadvertently, then, that Plato compares the function of θυμός (anger) in the soul to the function of the ἐπίκουροι (auxiliaries) in the state, whose appropriate virtue is *courage* in the high cause of protecting the citizenry from the enemies within and without the gates. In this sense, then, the advice of old Frosted Moses in Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude*, " 'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it," is a pithy enunciation of Plato's final meaning concerning the mastery of the self, as well as a significant clue to the only kind of psychological therapy he would have deemed effective.

IV

The problem of desire and its sublimation is touched upon in many of Plato's dialogues, but it is given definitive treatment in both the *Symposium* and the *Phaedrus*. In Socrates' first model speech in the *Phaedrus*, Plato makes it clear that he identifies Love (ἔρως) with Desire (ἐπιθυμία), and in the palinode which follows, the notion of desire is applied to the "self-moving" principle of the soul. It is conceived to be the self-initiating, essential motion of the soul, and because of this "fountain and beginning" of motion which "can neither be destroyed nor begotten," the soul through all her being is said to be immortal. To Plato then, literally, it is love (ἔρως) that makes the world go round, for the world or nature (φύσις) is alive, and contains within itself an eternal yearning towards development and growth; were this not so, says Socrates, "the whole heavens and all creation would collapse and stand still, and never again have motion or birth." In the soul of man this yearning attains conscious articulation.

What then is the fundamental nature of love within the soul, how does it make itself known? In answering this we turn to the *Symposium* where we find that love manifests itself, first negatively, as a state of want, of lack or deficiency, and then positively, as an outreaching or desire for what is lacking or for that in which it is deficient. Metaphorically, Eros is said to be the offspring of Poros (Plenty) and Penia (Poverty); in other words, love is want seeking fulfilment, and being born on Aphrodite's birthday, it longs for the beautiful (τὸ καλόν).

Here it is important to note that Plato takes pains to guard against a fallacy which has done irreparable damage to many a psychological and ethical interpretation of man—the fallacy, that is, of qualifying human desires before they have expressed themselves and identified their objects. It is this fallacy which gives rise to the tendency to read back into an undeveloped state the virtues or vices of a developed state. Some (not all) versions of the doctrine of original sin, for example, would have us hold court over man's creaturely nature, and arraign, try, and condemn the culprit before any crime has even been contemplated. Surely this is a grossly unsportsmanlike expedition of justice! Similarly, Hobbes delights to force upon "the naturall condition of mankind" his cynical appraisal of its contractual motives, and thus he ascribes to this "naturall condition" passions that incline us to "partiality, pride, revenge, and the like," so that "every man is the enemy to everyman," and so that life, which is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish," possesses only the single compensation of being "short"!

Above all, Freud appears guilty of this fallacy in foisting upon the unsuspecting infant the monstrous intentions of the Oedipus-complex. Lest some think us unreasonable in this, let us rehearse briefly what we are expected to believe concerning the strategy of desire effected by the male child before his fourth year. In *The Ego and the Id* we read:

> At a very early age the little boy develops an object-cathexis [attachment] of his mother, which is originally related to the mother's breast, and is the earliest instance of an object-choice on the anaclitic [dependent] model; his father the boy deals with by identifying himself with him. For a time the two relationships exist side by side, until the sexual wishes in regard to the mother become more intense, and the father is perceived as an obstacle to them; this gives rise to the Oedipus-complex. The identification with the father then takes on a hostile colouring and changes into a wish to get rid of the father, in order to take his place with the mother. Henceforth, the relation to the father is ambivalent.[7]

The next stage is that in which a recognition is forced upon the child that his object-love (i.e., for the mother) cannot be gratified, and hence, if development is to take place, a renunciation is involved. This renunciation is in the form of a *substitution* whereby, in giving up its object, the ego modifies itself and "by a compensatory process of introjection succeeds in reinstating the object as an *ideal* within the self"; from here on, since the object has become part of the self, narcissistic satisfactions are possible to the libido. Hence, Freud concludes, "This transformation of an erotic object-choice into a modification of the ego, is also a method by which the ego can obtain control over the id and deepen its relations with it—at the cost, it is true, of acquiescing to a large extent in the id's experiences. When the ego assumes the features of the object, it forces itself, so to speak, upon the id as a love object, and tries to make good the loss of the object by saying, 'Look, I am so like the object, you can as well love

[7] *The Ego and the Id*, 40-1.

me.' "[8] None of this is rendered any more credible by Freud's insistence that the whole proceeding is involuntary, indeed that most of its stages are unconscious.

In Plato's account of desire, we are warned at the outset that Eros is not morally qualifiable in itself, that it is neither good nor bad by nature; it becomes so only as it manifests its intentions in respect of objects, the pursuit of which may be evaluated in terms of the general design of a good life. Thus, Socrates tells us that Diotima showed him that love is a great "spirit" (*δαίμων*), but that in the beginning, "it is neither fair nor foul, good nor bad." Love, then, is a motion which is in no way definable until its direction has been determined and it becomes knowable and judgable in the light of the objects to which it attaches itself.

In defining Eros in terms of its objects, Plato lays the groundwork for a theory of sublimation which really accounts for the developments which take place within the nature of desire as it matures and broadens its scope, freeing itself progressively from its earlier preoccupations with the body and the senses, and attaining ultimately to the impassioned pursuit of wisdom, which, as Socrates says in the *Phaedo*, is "the one true coin for which all things ought to be exchanged." In the *Symposium* this process is unforgettably defined in terms of the soul's education into beauty.

> For who would proceed aright in this matter [says Socrates, quoting Diotima] should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms; first, if he be guided aright, to love one such form only . . . and soon he will of himself perceive that the beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another. . . . And when he perceives this, he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms; in the next stage he will consider that the beauty of mind is more honourable than the beauty of the outward form. So that if a virtuous soul have but little comeliness, he will be content to love and to tend him, and will search out and bring to birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family. . . . And after laws and institutions, he will go on to the sciences. . . [until] he will create many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love of wisdom; until on that shore he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere.

We wish to comment upon two features of this theory of sublimation. In the first place, we observe that in all stages of the soul's attainment the same Eros is identifiable. There is one generic source of all desiring, and from it flows the rich profusion of loves which seek their outlets on many rising levels and in many various places. As we have seen, Plato refers to the primary desires or appetites as *τὸ ἐπιθυμητικόν*, but it must be remembered that he uses the same term for desire in general, as it becomes manifest in each part of the soul. Thus, each *εἶδος* of the *ψυχή* has its own *ἐπιθυμία*. In this sense, therefore, when he talks about the higher forms of love, he is by no means indulging in metaphors. The passionate love of

[8] *Ibid.*, 37.

truth and beauty derives from the same stream of desire which is found in a much muddier and more turbulent condition in the physical passions. The whole point of Plato's case would be lost were it not realized that desire by its very nature is amenable not merely to a factitious or seeming comeliness, but to a genuine sublimation in which, through the enlightenment of reason, it actually becomes *possessed* of that which it supremely seeks.

In the second place, we see that although it is the same stream of desire which infuses all activities of the soul, nevertheless Plato is quite aware that no stream can rise higher than its source. For this reason, in defining desire he takes care never to fix or limit its essential nature to any of its earlier manifestations, and thus create for himself the insoluble problem of accounting for the higher in terms of the lower, or the more complex in terms of the less complex. For Plato desire is everything which in fact it proves itself to be, and there is no attempt to *reduce* it to something less than it is. The desire to hear a Bach fugue, for example, is fully as authentic a desire as one's craving for beefsteak or beer; indeed when properly understood, it is seen to be much more characteristic of desire since it reveals more of its scope.

To treat as complete what has not yet been developed, to seek to comprehend a finished process in terms of its unfinished states, is to drain the conception of development of any meaning whatsoever. What comes into being at different levels of fulfilment is never as explicable on the earlier as on the later levels. For what is unfulfilled is as yet *undisclosed*, and if it is asked *what* precisely it is that is undisclosed, the only answer that can be given is, it is that which has yet to come into being. The whole notion of development, therefore, depends upon there being something which *really* develops, and this "something" can be nothing less than what in the end it turns out to be. Thus, to say that man *is* a germ-cell which somehow developed is to talk palpable nonsense; but to say that a germ-cell is a man at a primary stage of *his* development is to talk perfectly sound sense.

The principle of explanation involved here is of first importance, and failure to recognize its significance is responsible for many of the confusions which abound in what is called "genetic psychology." The subject-matter of genetic psychology, as its name suggests, is the problem of the genesis or origin of certain traits which characterize the behaviour of men and animals, and its method of investigation is what John Locke termed "the historical plain method," that is, the method of tracing antecedents as far back as it is considered either possible or respectable to go. In so far as the psychologist pursues his quarry in adherence to this method, he promotes the cause of science; but the moment he forsakes this method and attempts to *reduce* complex developments to their simpler antecedents, he turns science into superstition. He no longer gives us good reasons based on sound facts, he gives us bad reasons based on no facts at all! Those thinkers who have been guilty of this, have generally practised their de-

ceptions under the aegis of the term "evolution" which they have taken over so wholeheartedly that they have not thought it worth their while to worry out its meaning. One of the earliest offenders in this line was Herbert Spencer who transformed the word "evolution" into a sort of mystic incantation, in the name of which he was able to disencumber his argument of the painful restrictions of science and logic alike. Since his time, however, this substitute for thinking has established so considerable a vogue that the mere mention of its favoured formulae is often sufficient to anaesthetize our critical suspicions.

V

Freud's theory of sublimation, we contend, is a fair illustration of this vogue; and if we are right in this, then the popularity it has achieved demonstrates the glorification of ignorance, which, as Artemus Ward shrewdly observed, consists not simply in lacking knowledge, but rather "in knowing so many things that ain't so"! For our example, we turn to chapter III of *The Ego and the Id* where Freud accounts for man's higher desires as follows:

> Now we can give an answer to all those whose moral sense has been shocked, and who have complained that there must be a higher nature in man: "Very true," we can say, "and here we have that higher nature, in this ego-ideal or super-ego, the representative of our relation to our parents . . . the heir of the Oedipus-complex, and also, the expression of the most powerful impulses and most important vicissitudes experienced by the libido in the id. . . . Through the forming of the ideal, all the traces left behind in the id by biological developments . . . gone through by the human race, are taken over by the ego and lived through again by the individual. Owing to the way in which it is formed, the ego-ideal has a great many points of contact with the phylogenetic endowment of each individual . . . his archaic heritage. *And thus it is that what belongs to the lowest depths in the minds of each of us is changed . . . into what we value as the highest in the human soul.* . . . It is easy to show that the ego-ideal answers *in every way* to what is expected of the higher nature of man. In so far as it is a substitute for the longing for a father, it contains the germ from which all religions have evolved. . . . As the child grows up, the office of the father is carried on by masters and by others in authority; the power of their injunctions and prohibitions *remains vested* in the ego-ideal, and *continues* in the form of conscience, to exercise the censorship of morals. . . . Religion, morality, and a social sense—the chief elements of what is highest in man—*were originally one and the same thing.* According to the hypothesis which we have put forward in *Totem und Tabu*, they were acquired phylogenetically out of the father-complex; religion and moral restraint by the actual process of mastering the Oedipus-complex itself, and social feeling from the necessity for overcoming the rivalry that then remained between members of the younger generation. . . . Even today the social feelings arise in the individual as a superstructure founded upon impulses of jealousy and rivalry against brothers and sisters. [Italics inserted.]

If we take this account seriously, as Freud certainly intends us to, then we may draw the following conclusions. First, that what we call "the love of God" is not determined by any rational appreciation of its object, but is only a reproduction in the present of a past reaction-formation resulting from the experience of awe with which the child realized in its

father the embodiment of its own libidinous ideal, namely, the sexual enjoyment of its mother. Secondly, that what we term "conscience" or "moral sense" is in reality a continuation of an initial parental taboo upon the direct gratification of the libido, and the fear which this taboo engendered. (Note that morality for Freud, as for Moses, is primarily a matter of Thou shalt not! Where the positive content of moral approval comes from we are not told. Moreover, even negatively, Freud has only located the prohibition, he has not explained why it is *moral*, other than by saying we want to do something which we are prevented from doing by fear of penalty. Ethically, this is no more enlightened than the statement that we *ought* not to rob a bank for fear we be had up for it!) Thirdly, that what is called "sociability" in men does not derive from their recognition of another's welfare, but is a projection of the early jealousy and rivalry among siblings, which has learned not to accomplish its ends directly, but obliquely, through seeming to be what it is not.

We shall not comment further upon these attempted reductions, except to add that in each case the central fact under investigation is explained away on the strength of a theory which is supported supposedly by other facts, which turn out in the end not to be facts at all, but simply more theories! To remain intact by the grim expedient of swallowing one's own tail is surely as scandalous a proceeding intellectually as it is physically!

It is a far and fanciful cry from all this to Plato's theory of desire which accounts for sublimation in terms of the character of the object it seeks to possess. We use "possess" advisedly, because, says Plato, the more the self identifies itself with its objects, the more "akin to them" it becomes, and thus in each stage of its development it realizes more of itself and attains to new stature and fuller being. This is true sublimation, in that as the soul learns to desire beauty, it itself becomes beautiful; and as it comes to love the good, it itself becomes good. Hence, as he puts it in the *Symposium*, the supreme object of all desiring is to be "born into beauty whether of body or soul."

VI

To conclude then. We have sought to show throughout that for Plato the moral problem constitutes the basic datum of psychology, and that only in terms of this problem can the true nature and function of the soul be fully understood. We live in an age of fervid specializations, and it is perhaps unbecoming of us to force upon Plato our peculiar departmental outlooks—most of which he would probably consider curiously myopic! However, were he able to comment on our contemporary endeavours, it is safe to say that he would have no quarrel with the descriptive psychologist; nor would he confuse his occupation with that of the ethicist. But he would certainly demand that the psychologist, as a scientist, describe man as he finds him, not as his fancy imagines him; and he would insist

that no finding is more faithful to the facts than that which shows man to be a moral, not a mechanistic, creature, conscious of genuine differences within himself, yet capable of apprehending, desiring, and at best actually realizing, some ultimate good. Not to attain to this degree of self-knowledge, he would surely hold, is to render all other knowledge finally vain. We conjecture, then, that Plato with his accustomed courtesy would hear Freud out, fascinated probably by the grotesquerie of his depth-psychology, but seeing unmistakably behind it all the hideous determinism of instinctual forces. And in the end, with the story finished, we imagine that he would turn upon the analyst and say: "Well and ingeniously spoken, O Freud, son of a mirthless Yahweh! You have contrived to out-Homer Homer on such epic proportions as almost to persuade me against myself, and incline me to follow you farther into your world; marvelling as I do how you contrive to hymn the praises of Olympus in so strange a land. But alas! I needs must leave you, and reject your fable, not because it is so fantastically fashioned, but simply because, like Socrates my master before me, I am in honour bound not to admit as true what I know to be false!"

MILTON'S VISUAL IMAGINATION: AN ANSWER TO T. S. ELIOT

PHYLLIS MACKENZIE

PROBABLY no major English poetry is further removed in point of technique from twentieth-century poetry than is John Milton's. It is not surprising, therefore, that Milton should be attacked by many modern poets and critics who convince themselves that he has not written great poetry because he has not written in the way that they would have him write. Thus, in his "Note on the Verse of John Milton,"[1] Mr. T. S. Eliot declares, "At no period is the visual imagination conspicuous in Milton's poetry," or again, "Milton may be said never to have seen anything"—simply because Milton's descriptive technique, like his whole poetic design, is different from Eliot's own and from that of the poets he most admires.

That such is the case is obvious from the two chief objections which Mr. Eliot raises to Milton's descriptions. First, he complains that Milton's imagery is general, unlike Shakespeare's, for instance, which "conveys the feeling of being at a particular place at a particular time." Secondly, he believes that Milton, again unlike Shakespeare, combines words in descriptive passages, but does not marry them; that is, according to Mr. Eliot, in combination each of Milton's words stands aloof, not giving and receiving larger life from the others.

I wish to begin my defence of Milton's visual imagination at the spearhead of Mr. Eliot's attack—his comparison of passages from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* with various passages from Milton. The comparison is valuable in itself as a kind of process of condensation by which the most distinctive aspects of Milton's visual imagination may be precipitated. Mr. Eliot's conclusions from the comparison, however, are vitiated by two false assumptions. First of all, he takes it for granted that short passages of Miltonic description may be quoted in isolation as adequate illustrations of the whole technique. In reality, it is difficult to study Milton's descriptive technique except in large units, for the smaller units become completely active only when read in the cumulative sequence of the whole. Secondly, Mr. Eliot's deductions from the comparison are made on the assumption that Milton was attempting to achieve the same effects in his descriptions as Shakespeare in his. Actually, of course, a comparison of the two descriptive techniques has significance only when studied in close relation to the divergent purposes of the poet and the playwright. Aiming at the cumulative expression of a vast, interactive design in his major works, Milton was consciously guarding against abortive or disruptive particularization in description. His purpose was not to create a series of

[1]See *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, XXI, collected by Herbert Read.

self-contained pictures, each assertively memorable in itself. Rather, he aimed at a progressive and composite visualization, in which all details should spring to ordered life within the continuously evolving pattern of the whole.

Before beginning a more specific examination of Milton's distinctive aims and techniques in description, it may be well to look at an example of particularized description. Mr. Eliot, quite rightly, holds that Milton's imagery is, on the whole, general. However, it is significant that when the poet saw fit momentarily to arrest the movement of the reader's mind in a specific, vividly sensuous picture, he was quite capable of doing so; take, for instance, the following lines from *Comus*:

> millions of spinning Worms,
> That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk.[2]

It would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the kind of Shakespearean description which, through the careful selection and compression of particularized detail, "conveys the feeling of being at a particular place at a particular time." That such was not Milton's usual method does not indicate any failure of his visual imagination, as Mr. Eliot would have us believe. It is the result rather of the most perfect adaptation of his descriptive technique to his total artistic purpose.

Mr. Eliot's comparison of a speech of Banquo's with a short passage from "L'Allegro" provides a good starting place for a discussion of the typically Miltonic descriptive technique. The two selections, quoted below, are used by Mr. Eliot as evidence in support of his chief objection—that Milton's imagery is predominantly general.

> This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
> By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
> Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle;
> Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
> The air is delicate.[3]

> While the Plowman near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the Furrowed Land,
> And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the Mower whets his scythe,
> And every Shepherd tells his tale
> Under the Hawthorn in the dale.[4]

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[2] *Comus*, 715-16. It is significant that Mr. Leavis, one of the most violent detractors of Milton, praises the whole "bounty speech," from which these lines were taken, in *New Bearings in Poetry*.

[3] *Macbeth*, 1.6.

[4] "L'Allegro," 63-8.

To begin with, of course, the justice of Mr. Eliot's observation must be admitted. The passage from "L'Allegro," with its generalized detail, fails to transmit the sense of immediate and specific reality which is conveyed by Banquo's speech. The difference, however, does not arise from any deficiency in Milton of the capacity to visualize concretely. Instead it is the result of the very different artistic purposes which the two quoted passages were meant to fulfil. Shakespeare, in Banquo's speech, was intent upon conjuring up a complete realistic setting for his action, by means of the careful manipulation of a few specific details. The emotional atmosphere of the speech is, therefore, derivative, not primary, extracted directly from the observed concrete detail. Milton, on the contrary, was not, in "L'Allegro," approaching nature directly; he was not seeking the "inscape" of the particular, not intent upon springing open the pod of the concrete detail and fostering the natural growth of the seed within. He began with a preconceived pattern, the pattern of a mood, and from nature recreated details to fit that pattern. In order, therefore, to subordinate the visual details to his total design, to limit the concrete visualization to the purposes of the poem, Milton has used, on the whole, generalized epithets.

In a classical poem such as "L'Allegro" we should regard the natural details as a Platonist looks at the parts of the universe. They are the multiple bodyings-forth of an Idea in the mind of the poet. Part of the pleasure for the reader, therefore, is derived from the excitement of watching visual details spring to life, luxuriant and apparently real, which, none the less, bend and taper into the emergent design of the evolving whole. The Plowman, Milkmaid, Mower, and Shepherd of the passage quoted, along with the Cock, the Lark, and even the "labouring clouds" of the poem, are like dancers in a dance. Each is characterized by stylized movements, executed against a stylized background; and both movement and background are keyed to the rhythm of the central mood.

All the steps in the dance, however, are not as formalized as those of the Plowman-Milkmaid group in the passage quoted. Frequently Milton thrusts through to the kernel of a more particular and immediate impression of the real, by means of a piercing word, twisted into a partial metaphor, for instance,

> To hear the Lark begin his flight,
> And singing *startle* the dull night.[5]

or by the more robust realism of the semi-comic picture of the "drudging Goblin," who

> stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength.[6]

In these passages it would almost seem that the Lark and the Goblin were about to step out of the dance and continue existence in a real English

[5] *Ibid.*, 41-2. [6] *Ibid.*, 111-12.

countryside. But they do not step out, and the dance continues uninterrupted. Milton has simply demonstrated the resilience of his pattern by straining it as far as it will go.

The world of "L'Allegro" is the world of the poem, and in that world all details are completely, but never disruptively visualized; for Milton, unlike Mr. Eliot in his own work antecedent to the *Quartets*, was not trying "to get beyond poetry."[7] He was not seeking through the descriptions in "L'Allegro" to burst joy's grape against the reader's palate, to evoke in him a mood so fiercely sweet, so all-possessing, that it would draw him irresistibly away from the poem itself. Milton's description is profoundly evocative, but the emotion it evokes is ordered and controlled, regulated by the movement of the poem as a whole and inseparable from the total poetic experience.

Mr. Eliot's other chief objection to Milton's descriptions is directed against his handling of diction, and in support of his argument he quotes from *Samson Agonistes:*

> The Sun to me is dark
> And silent as the Moon,
> When she deserts the night,
> Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.[8]

The last line Mr. Eliot criticizes for a lack of that procreative intermarriage of words epitomized in a Shakespearean phrase like "rooky wood." Again the observation itself is just, but not the condemnatory deduction from it. That Milton was capable of bringing a picture to sudden focus, within the line, by a similar, apparently inevitable combination of words, is obvious enough in the following line from *Paradise Lost.* The wind

> wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd.[9]

Such, however, was not his usual method. His greatest descriptive effects are achieved, not so much by the interaction of words within the single line, as by a long-range manipulation of the qualities inherent in the words of a whole unit of verse. If loose analogies with other arts have any validity, it may be said that Milton's characteristic handling of words in description has more in common with music than with painting. Instead of combining the colours of the words in localized spots on his broad canvas, he manipulates their sensuous and emotional connotations almost as musical themes, developing a visual pattern more often by cumulative suggestion than by stationary concretion. This aspect of his descriptive method is an integral part of his whole poetic technique, for it carries the visual details forward

[7]Using Mr. Eliot's phrase out of context, I am admittedly warping its meaning; but even warped it will serve to measure the distance between Milton's aim in description and that of the moderns who attack him.

[8]*Samson Agonistes*, 86-9. E. M. W. Tillyard has an interesting commentary on this passage in *The Miltonic Setting.*

[9]*Paradise Lost*, 11. 843.

with the rhythm, unfolding the desired image without interrupting the movement of the whole.

Although only a part of a larger pattern of light and darkness, the four lines quoted will serve as a limited example of the method. The verbal interaction is not so much between words within the individual lines as it is transverse, back and forth across the lines of the whole unit. Repeating the motif of the larger unit of which they are a part, the four lines express Samson's feeling of desolation in blindness by means of the image of light, gradually withdrawn. Thus, the Sun of the first line wanes to the Moon of the second, and in the third line the Moon hides her face in the night. But with the fourth, even the substantial blackness falls away in the terrifying image of hollow emptiness; and only in the gaunt concave of that final image do all the connotative reverberations of "dark," "silent," "deserts," become wholly active. Even there, however, the interaction is not complete. After an intervening ten lines, the shadow of the image of "the vacant interlunar cave" is raised again and enlarged by Samson's lament:

> To live a life half dead, a living death,
> And buried; but O yet more miserable!
> Myself my Sepulchre, a moving Grave,
> Buried, yet not exempt.[10]. . .

I have attempted to answer Mr. Eliot's chief objections to the quality of Milton's visual imagination, or imputed lack of it. I now want to develop a more positive defence of Milton's visual imagination by observing it at work in *Paradise Lost*, for nowhere did the poet encounter greater problems of visualization and nowhere did he solve them more magnificently than in his long epic.

The relative vagueness of Milton's Hell and Heaven has irritated many critics who insist upon comparing them with Dante's "Inferno" and "Paradiso." But in the matter of concreteness, is not Milton once again being unfairly censured because of an inadequate perception of his aims? Satan's speech gives the key:

> Me miserable! which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
> And in the lowest deep a lower deep
> Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
> To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.[11]

Heaven and Hell in *Paradise Lost* are, to be sure, more than states of mind. They are real—but they are real in the sense that joy and pain are real. They are inseparable from the minds both of their inhabitants and of the reader. There is, therefore, an inwardness in the descriptions of the two places, but particularly of Hell, an uncharted vastness that is the vastness

[10] *Samson Agonistes*, 100-3.

[11] *Paradise Lost*, 4. 73-8.

of mind, concreteness without localization, substance unhampered by the law of gravitation. Moreover, as in the landscape of the mind, concrete and abstract details are forever blending, the abstract frequently emerging with partially visualized concreteness, and the concrete as frequently spreading out like a moving mist and losing itself in abstraction. This whole process by which Milton turns his concrete details inward, rather than attempt to externalize completely his gigantic conceptions in sharply defined and delimited images, is not an evidence of the failure of his visual imagination. Rather it is a manifestation of its subtlety.

In describing Hell, Milton uses two main methods. The first may be illustrated by the following passage:

> The dismal Situation waste and wild,
> A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
> As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
> No light, but rather darkness visible
> Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
> Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
> And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
> That comes to all.[12]

The only boundaries to this description are the boundaries of the readers' minds—and when we have read the passage, we *know* what Hell looks like; in our minds we can see it; but we could not draw it if Satan himself guided our hands. The paradox of "darkness visible" is the imaginative paradox of the whole passage, in which vaguely defined visual details blend with partially evoked sensations and intuitions to form in the mind of the reader an unforgettable picture which the physical eye could never see.

Milton's technique in the passage is first to conjure up a formless atmosphere in the mind with the broad, insubstantial connotations of "dismal," "waste," "wild," "dungeon," "horrible." Then, in order to prevent its dissolution, he narrows and concretizes the picture by introducing momentarily the image of the all-encompassing furnace. Immediately, however, he destroys the obtrusively concrete and familiar connotations of that image and, by a kind of imaginative alchemy, combines the qualities of fierceness, destructiveness, and unceasing movement, inherent in fire, with the antithetical quality of darkness. In the resulting mental image, it is almost as if he had turned the flames inside out, making their dark outlines glow luridly from the light within. Having dramatically established this powerful image in the reader's mind, Milton wishes to spread it out to infinity. This he accomplishes by the introduction of the abstract phrases, "sights of woe," "regions of sorrow," "doleful shades," which bring with them the desired aura of spatial vagueness and horror. Out of context, the phrases are trite, and their connotations have become atrophied. As Milton uses them here, however, charged with the power of the preceding

[12] *Ibid.*, 1. 60-7.

lines, they have become effective generators of emotional atmosphere. More than that, they can be at least partially visualized, for the strong physical atmosphere of the foregoing mental image has been transferred to these neutral-coloured phrases. In the uneasy, unnatural light of "darkness visible," they have become leaping shadows of infinite number and infinite extent.

The whole method which Milton has used in this passage involves the constant interaction of abstract and concrete, by which he is able to extract the emotional atmosphere and the physical qualities from a concrete image without intruding its sharply defined, delimited outlines. When he attempts, however, to transmit qualities without an adequate initial basis in the concrete, the result can be ridiculously meaningless. One of the few examples of such abortive description is the description of Death:

> black it stood as Night,
> Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
> And shook a dreadful Dart.[13]

If that were characteristic of Milton's descriptions, it would be easy to countenance Mr. Eliot's declaration that "Milton may be said never to have seen anything." The exploitation of such formless and—to us, at any rate—meaningless sublimity by poets of the eighteenth century does, moreover, give some slight validity to Mr. Eliot's charge that Milton had a bad influence upon succeeding poetry.

The other chief device by which Milton completes the visualization of Hell is his use of the Virgilian simile, for example,

> on dry Land
> He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
> With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
> And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
> Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
> Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
> Of thund'ring Aetna, whose combustible
> And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving Fire,
> Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
> And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
> With stench and smoke.[14]

In this, as in all of Milton's similes, the analogy on the physical level—the comparison of the ground of Hell to the inflamed and ruptured bowels of the earth—is perfectly integrated with the more essential emotional analogy, the corresponding sense of catastrophic violence, of ruin irreparable.

It is in the description of the fallen angels, however, that Milton makes most extensive use of the Virgilian simile. The effect of the linked sequence of similes is cumulative, but I shall confine analysis to one:

[13] *Ibid.*, 2. 670-2. [14] *Ibid.*, 1. 227-37.

his form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch Angel ruin'd, and th'excess
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face
Deep scars or Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge.[15]

Aiming at precision of detail and clear-cut clarity of outline in his similes, Milton produced completely externalized and concrete pictures. In "Horizontal misty Air" of this simile, and particularly in "disastrous twilight," Milton achieves that combination of exactness and suggestive ambiguity which the moderns demand. In the similes alone I think it should be obvious that Milton was wholly capable of the kind of description for which Mr. Eliot yearns, and that he does not use it more often because it does not answer his larger artistic purpose.

In the imagery of this passage, as in most of Milton's imagery, the design is complex and the effect cumulative. Therefore the fact that he has used two different similes, linked with an "or," does not indicate that they are alternative or that either is superfluous.

In the first line of the simile the image of the "Sun new ris'n" is emblazoned on the reader's mind as the symbol of the Arch Angel's "transcendent brightness" before the Fall. As the simile unfolds and the sun is "shorn of his Beams," the image in the mind undergoes a transformation analogous to that of Satan. The brightness contracts and darkens. The second image, while continuing the process of corroding brightness, introduces new and ominous counterpoint. Thus, within the simile itself, the reader experiences the sequence of changes by which the Arch Angel fell, reduced in brightness, and rose a sinister and darkly magnificent Satan. The further extension of the connotations of "disastrous twilight," by the widening of the perspective to take in "half the Nations," inflates the pervasive awareness of world-shattering catastrophe. But still the simile reverberates. With the reference to the fear-perplexed Monarchs, the simile slides back into the real picture of the host of fallen angels regarding their great leader with fear and wonder. As all attention is once more focussed on Satan, the full, accumulated power of the similes piles up and charges Milton's picture of the thunder-scarred, ominously majestic Arch Angel, exalted though in pain.

I have analysed these similes at disproportionate length in an attempt

[15] *Ibid.*, l. 591-604.

to uncover some of the subterranean depths of Milton's stratified similes. Always there is the surface physical analogy, which is frequently integrated in a larger pattern, as here, for instance, in a pattern of light and dark. But beneath the surface are the hidden conductors of multiple emotional energy. Thus, Milton's epic imagery is active on two levels—the pictorial and the dramatic. It presents a concrete picture, but it is a moving, developing picture, not a stationary one; and in the evolution of that picture is re-enacted in miniature the emotional drama of the whole. Sometimes the two levels of the imagery are not so completely integrated as they are in the passage just quoted. For instance, in the lines taken above from *Samson Agonistes*, the image remains an image of the mind. It is, therefore, less completely externalized, for it is the connotation of the image, rather than its concrete outline, that is desired.

Heaven and the heavenly host presented new problems of visualization. There was the same initial difficulty that there had been in the description of Hell—the need to describe without spatial limitation or localization. Added to that, however, was the problem of presenting absolute good and unlimited perfection. Evil and its physical counterparts are more susceptible to description as well as to dramatization because, as the perversion of good, they have an additional dimension. Thus, the strongest descriptions of Hell and its inhabitants were active, involving the progressive degradation and destruction of beauty, light, and goodness. But the perfection of Heaven is in essence static and one-dimensional. Moreover, the emotions and sensations evoked by the descriptions of Hell, though of supernatural magnitude, were human—pain and fear, pity and terror and horror. And because they were human, they were changeable and active, immediately responsive to the manipulated evocations of the descriptions. But the emotion which the heavenly descriptions had to arouse was awe, the most passive and immobile of human emotions, depending for its maintenance more upon prolonged hypnosis than upon direct and progressive evocation.

Thus, when most successful, Milton's descriptions of Heaven dazzle and hypnotize the mind, suspending its need for concrete visualization rather than attempting to satisfy it. One device for this purpose is the weaving together of conventional and biblical symbols of eternity, for example,

> With these [Amarant] that never fade the Spirits elect
> Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
> Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
> Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shone
> Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.
> Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took
> Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side
> Like Quivers hung.[18]

[18] *Ibid.*, 3. 360-8.

The symbols here are passive, hermetically sealed. They are intended to be stylized representations of eternity, and are not meant to rouse the reader to an ecstatic union with the divine, any more than they are meant to depict literally a physical Heaven. But, acting as properties in the Mass, they serve to harmonize the senses and reduce the mind to an attitude of expectant receptivity.

However, Milton seldom leaves the symbols to do their work alone. As here, they are dazzlingly illumined by "light" words—"resplendent," "beams," "shone," "bright," "Celestial," "gold'n," "glittering." Throughout the descriptions of Heaven, the symbols and concrete details are less important either as visual entities or as reservoirs of connotative energy than as stylized surfaces from which to reflect into human eyes the light of the divine. For it is by his manipulation of light that Milton succeeds in rousing the awed mind to active and progressive excitement, to a positive awareness of divinity, without breaking the hypnotic spell by the intrusion of the concrete. For instance, in the angels' hymn to God the Father:

> Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
> Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
> Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shed'st
> The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
> Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
> Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
> Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
> Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.[17]

The various images here introduced are themselves immediately transcended by the light they give forth. Milton's skill in the handling of these light images is manifest in his controlled release of the volume of light. For his purpose was not to flood the reader's mind with light, all in one line, and leave him reeling. As always, Milton proposed to carry him forward by the impetus of a developing emotion, rather than to transfix him in a static ecstasy. Although he wished to maintain, by means of his descriptions, a constant attitude of awe, he aimed also at regulating the intensity of that emotion by his manipulation of light.

His purpose, therefore, was to connect the light images in a cumulative sequence. Thus, in the passage quoted, light dawns brighter and brighter through the first five lines. Then with the sixth, all the accumulated light breaks forth in the blinding juxtaposition of "excessive bright" to "dark." After this climax, Milton softens the glare of light by reflecting it indirectly in the image of the Seraphim hiding their bright eyes. The effect of the passage on the reader is to dazzle the mind, to purge it of all desire for, and all memory of, concrete detail, to leave it conscious of nothing but its mounting sense of awe, its single awareness of bursting splendour.

In the less successful passages of description of Heaven, the concrete details break through the ritualistic pattern and disturb the mind with

[17] *Ibid.*, 3. 375-82.

their incongruity; for instance, in the description of angelic pastimes:

> Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
> Desirous; all in Circles as they stood,
> Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
> With Angels' Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
> In Pearl, in Diamond, and massy Gold,
> Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.[18]

The battle in Heaven, however, which might have been much more discordant because of its concreteness, overcomes the latent incongruity by the overwhelming vigour and magnitude of the heroic action; for the action implicit in Milton's descriptive technique, as well as the continuous movement of his verse, is perfectly adapted to the description of large-scale activity.

After Satan's flight through blind Chaos, the heavenly light breaking on the reader's eye is a tremendous relief, but it is a relief not comparable to the surge of peace and joy he feels upon his first sight of "delicious Paradise." Though apparently the most conventional of his descriptions, Paradise is, I think, Milton's greatest descriptive triumph. Milton loaded the Garden with conventional images of Paradise, and by so doing succeeded in evoking, as C. S. Lewis has said, "with a perfection and accuracy beyond expectation the very image that has haunted us all our days." For the same purpose, the poet subtly wove in and out of his description, classical allusions to immemorial gardens of eternal spring.

I cannot help feeling, however, that the tremendous emotive force of the description of Paradise is not wholly confined within the perfect aptness of the description itself. The description of the Garden is, I think, the supreme example of Milton's ability to control his effects at long range. The pervasive atmosphere of Paradise, lucid, windless, calm, and pure, illuminating all it touches with peace and joy, is only partly the result of the details in the description itself. To a greater extent, it is the product of the preceding books, a positive visual reaction to the spectacular sights of Heaven and Hell. After the dazzling and light-shattered glory of Heaven, after the dark and painful Hell, the pastoral details of the description of Paradise slide like spring rain into the reader's mind. Milton had carefully prepared for the effect, by culminating his descriptions of infinity in the most blinding of all his treatments of light, by placing immediately before his description of Paradise his elaborate celebration of the brightness of the sun. Thus, even though the first sight of Paradise is through Satan's eyes, the refreshing "deliciousness" of the "Silvan Scene" is not decreased.

The relation of the description of Paradise to the descriptions of Heaven and Hell is not so much one of contrast as of relief—and the general sense of relief achieved by the strategic juxtaposition is enhanced by specific

[18] *Ibid.*, 5. 630-5.

aspects of the description. To begin with, for the first time in *Paradise Lost* the reader is delivered from vastness. Paradise is an "enclosure green." Milton elaborately describes its circumscribed isolation, and specifically indicates where its rivers run. Within the Garden we are continuously conscious of the security of limited space.

The treatment of light and darkness, moreover, is very different from the treatment of them in Heaven and Hell. For the first time air interposes. The resulting difference in the lighting of the Garden is perfectly expressed in the following lines from Gerard Manly Hopkins' "The Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe":

> The glass-blue days are those
> When every colour glows,
> Each shape and shadow shows.
> Blue be it: this blue heaven
> The seven or seven times seven
> Hued sunbeam will transmit
> Perfect, nor alter it.
> Or if there does some soft,
> On things aloof, aloft,
> Bloom breathe, that one breath more
> Earth is the fairer for.
> Whereas did air not make
> This bath of blue and slake
> His fire, the sun would shake
> A blear and blinding ball
> With blackness bound, and all
> The thick stars round him roll
> Flashing like flecks of coal,
> Quartz-fret, or sparks of salt
> In grimy vasty vault.

In Milton's Paradise, as in Hopkins' poem, the reader is newly conscious of the mercy of air, which transforms the glare of infinite light into tranquil colours that delight and do not hurt the human eye. Darkness, too, loses the terror of the infinite. Just as light in Paradise no longer blinds with the dazzling glory of Heaven, darkness is no longer physically oppressive as it was in Hell. The sun is "pleasant," the noon "fair," evening "mild," and morn "rosy." Natural colour in fruits and flowers, grass and trees and animals, is introduced for the first time in the epic. In Hell the only colour was fiery red. In Heaven colour was present in many of the ritualistic symbols, but always overcast with brightness.

With our reactions carefully conditioned by the preceding books, therefore, our entry into Paradise is a kind of rediscovery of natural, human beauty, a second birth into a childhood world of wonder and of joy. It is this recrudescence of primal wonder which acts upon the conventional paradisal images, releasing all their connotative potentialities, making the whole description glow. Even the most generalized and conventional

epithets—"delicious," "vernal," "pleasant"—evoke a definite and powerful emotional response.

One of the most impressive aspects of Milton's visual imagination in all his poetry—deserving a much more thorough treatment than I have space to give it—is his broad handling of light and darkness, not just for their emotional connotations, but as parts of an extended visual pattern. For instance, in *Paradise Lost*, Milton succeeds in building up a pattern of light and dark which spans his whole epic, and effects a modulated transition from book to book. An outstanding example of this broad imaginative device is to be found at the close of the second book, when Satan emerges from Chaos, and light, weak at first, gradually increases. It is the first real light in the epic since the poet descended to Hell. The book ends with Satan's vision of the Empyreal Heaven and of the newly created world. The latent brightness of the last image—"This pendant world, in bigness as a Star Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon"—is exploded in the first line of the next book, "Hail holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born."

Even so brief an examination of Milton's techniques of description has, I hope, convinced the reader that further argument is well-nigh superfluous. The proof is in the poetry. Milton *had* a visual imagination—of a magnitude, versatility, and subtlety that amaze and delight the student of his poetry. So judiciously controlled are his descriptive effects, however, so carefully calculated are all his visual evocations, so scrupulously are individual details subordinated to the whole, that it is possible to absorb his descriptions almost without noticing them, unless we pause for deliberate analysis.

OF THE MAKARIS: A CAUSERIE

James A. Roy

THE Makaris of Scotland have never been entirely forgotten, but even today only a few students of poetry know very much about them. Allan Ramsay reprinted Henryson's *Robene and Makyne* in the *Evergreen* (1724); Lord Hailes, Bishop Percy, and John Pinkerton published the piece in their respective collections of Scottish poetry. But apart from that poem, and the *Testament of Cresseid*, Henryson was forgotten until about the middle of the nineteenth century, when David Laing produced an edition of the complete *Works*. It was different with Sir David Lyndsay; until Burns's time he was by far the most popular poet in Scotland. The Bible was the only book that was better known and even the Bible had sometimes to take second place to Lyndsay. For instance, when one Scot said to another, "You'll no' fin' that in David Lyndsay" he was simply trying to tell his friend as politely as possible that he was talking arrant nonsense and had not the slightest proof for his statement. We know a good deal about Sir David, but about many others little beyond their names. The main interest in Dunbar's *Lament* is not in the poetic elaboration of the truism that everybody has to die sooner or later, but in its list of names of the Makaris, though all that we can learn from the greater part of the catalogue is that there were poets in late fifteenth-century Scotland whose names a critical contemporary thought it worth while to record. The best of the Makaris were no mere imitators of Chaucer; they were creative artists in their own right. Scant as our knowledge of the Makaris is, it would be infinitely poorer if it had not been for the chance discovery of a frayed and battered volume which was published by Chepman and Myllar in 1508. Furthermore, if it had not been for the pious care of collectors like John Asloan and George Bannatyne and Sir Richard Maitland, the father of poor Queen Mary's "Secretary," who is satirized in George Buchanan's *Cameleon*, we should know hardly anything about the Makaris at all.

* * *

Apart from some difficulty in the language, Henryson is easy to read; so is David Lyndsay. This is partly due to the fact that these men are peculiarly modern in their intellectual outlook. Henryson is more than that: if his work is any reflection of the man, he was a lovable and attractive individual, with his own human weaknesses, a strong sense of humour, and a fund of sympathy. David Lyndsay was not only the spokesman and interpreter of his age but was far in advance of it. He was nothing if not forthright. All the Makaris are given to moralizing. "Sentence" they called this. Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford was given to it too, but he had a certain discretion which the poet admired and he was never boring:

Noght o word spak he moore than was neede
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quyk and ful of hy sentence.

The really obnoxious type of "Sentence" is the dreary babblement of bores. There is much of that sort of thing in Occleve and Hawes, less in their Scottish contemporaries who have survived. The reason is that most of the latter were men of genius, writing during the very flowering of the vernacular. The best of them were kin to the poet of *Gawain* and *The Pearl;* and the secret of their power lies herein, and not in their having the "Celtic touch"—whatever that may mean.

Life in Scotland must have been incredibly dull in those days—no entertainments such as those on which we too much rely, little even of social intercourse. Just a book or two to pore over if you could read and if your eyes were good enough to see with by the uncertain light of a flickering cruisie or sconce. Or, perhaps, some tedious romance conned for the hundredth time, or listened to with yawning indifference while the reek from the rank wood fire or the peat smoorach choked the red-eyed audience and caught the throat of the prelector. The Scots hated the winter season as the moderns cannot hate it. It lay on their spirits like a mort cloth. It was, as Gavin Douglas describes it, "a time and season bitter cauld and pale" when

With frosen frontis cauld clyntyclewis[1] shane;
Beautie was lost, and barrand shew the landis,
With frostis hair ourfret the fieldis standis.
Sour bitter bubbis, and the showris snell,
Seemit on the sward ane similitude of hell;

and when

Puir laboureris and busy husbandmen
Went wet and weary draglit in the fen.

It was then that Scotland got one of her great stories.

Robert Henryson had been thinking a good deal about Chaucer's version of Troilus and Cryseyde and had come to the conclusion that it was all wrong. The solution was far too simple. Things simply did not work out that way, because the wages of sin is death. Burns was later to put into four lines what was at the back of Henryson's mind:

I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, Och! it hardens *a' within*
And petrifies the feeling!

Atonement for sin can only be made along the *Via Dolorosa* of spiritual suffering; that is the only way in which repentance can be worked out. Not that his story shrivels into a piece of dry didacticism; Henryson was far too much of an artist to allow that. But he drives home the lesson

[1]Hard cliffs.

that the bitterest sorrow a man can know is that he has shut himself out from paradise by his own deliberate acts. Henryson was no predestinationist; he preaches the doctrine of individual responsibility.

One must appreciate the circumstances of composition. Henryson did not despise the good things of this life. He tells us that, as the winds howled and danced in fantastic revel along the frozen wynds and storm-sted vennels, before settling down to tackle the story he made himself comfortable.

> I mend the fire, and beikit me about
> Than tuik ane drink my spreitis to comfort,
> And armit me weill fra the cauld thereout:
> To cut the winter nicht and mak it short.

It was only when the tale began to drag a little, and the poet was conscious of this, that he fell back on "Sentence." Thus stated, nothing could sound duller. But if we try to look at "Sentence" not from *our* but from the Makaris' point of view, it ceases to be dull, becomes indeed vastly interesting. It is then seen to be not mere padding but expressionism: a revelation of what is going on in the mind of the poet, and of the mentality of the age. We come to see what these people thought of life and death and the judgment to come. "Sentence" is a sort of static drama where the action takes place in the mind of the Makar, as in one of the early plays of Maeterlinck. There is nothing dynamic about their work. The tempo of the Makaris' lives was slow; they had time to reflect, to formulate their own philosophy and to pattern their lives in accordance with it. Out of this habit there developed something that was peculiarly Scottish—the habit of proverb-making. Bacon says somewhere that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in their proverbs." They are pithy expressions of what people have after much experimentation discovered to be true. The greatest of Scottish parœmiographers as Sir Walter and it was from the Makaris that he ultimately derived the secret of his art. But from the "Sentence" of the Makaris also descend the protracted moralizings of the Scottish pulpit.

* * *

While only the names of some of the Makaris have come down to us, many of the poems that have survived are anonymous—pieces like *Colkelbie's Sow*, *King Berdok*, *The Freiris of Berwick*, *The Thrie Priestis of Peblis*, *The Wife of Auchtirmwchty*, *The Wowing of Jok and Jenny*, *Why sould nocht Allane honorit be?* (Allane being of course Allan-a-Maut, alias John Barleycorn), *Peblis to the Play*, and *Christis Kirk on the Grene*.

Of the two last poems two kings, James I and James V, have been suggested as the possible author. James I survives in literature as a romantic lover who changed the fashion of poetry in Scotland. James V, whom Knox called "a lecherous and avaricious tyrant," was highly popular with his subjects who called him "king of the commons," "the Red Tod," and "the Gudeman of Ballengeich." He likewise survives in literature, but

not in a way he would have been proud of. His was the "graceless face" on which poor Johnnie Armstrong called down his curse:

> To seek het water beneath cauld ice,
> Surely it is a great folly:
> I have asked grace at a graceless face,
> But there is nane for my men and me.

But neither of these kings, scholars tell us, could possibly have written *Peblis to the Play* and *Christis Kirk*. Whoever he may have been, their author had a wide acquaintance with the common people of Scotland. You find the same sort of people that you meet in Fergusson's *Leith Races*, or Burns's *Holy Fair*, or Lewis Grassic Gibbon's *Cloud Howe*, or J. R. Allan's *The Farmer's Boy* because, as John Dryden says, "mankind is ever the same, and nothing is lost out of nature though everything is altered." We should like to think that "the Gudeman of Ballengeich" wrote these poems, and the very fact that a king's name should have been mentioned in connection with them is a proof, if further proof were needed, of the fundamentally democratic nature of Scottish poetry.

The Scotland of the Makaris is not easy to get back to; for the way lies through the jungle of the Scottish Reformation, where the issues are still obscured for many by partisan feelings. But this at least we can see: that the Makaris lived in a strange world of almost incredible contradictions and anomalies. A royal bastard might become an archbishop, and a prince of the Church could keep such a house "as was never holden in Scotland under a King," while at his gates and under his very nose pestiferous lazars with their clappers stank and festered and whined. Froissart tells us that the French knights who came to help fight against the English had never seen such poverty. In fact the poverty of the country was proverbial. It was a favourite gibe in France that when the Devil led our Lord into a high mountain and showed him all the glories thereof, he thought it wise to make one reservation—he "keipit his meikle thoomb on Scotland." It is no wonder that in time there was heard the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees. As early as 1406 the ecclesiastical authorities burned Father James Resby at Perth for saying that the Pope was not really the Vicar of Christ, and that no one should be Pope unless he was personally holy. In 1433 the Bohemian Paul Craw suffered the same fate. In 1494 the thirty Lollards of Kyle were haled before James IV to answer no less than thirty-four charges of heresy. But the King laughed the case out of court. These men were the fathers of the Scottish Reformation: Knox regarded them as his spiritual ancestors. In 1528 Patrick Hamilton was burned at St. Andrews. He was the protomartyr of the Scottish Reformation and his death touched off an explosion which shattered the fabric of the old Church for ever and sent tumbling in ruins the Scotland of the Makaris.

* * *

The most likable of the Makaris, Robert Henryson, taught in the school attached to the Benedictine Abbey at Dunfermline. He was born about the year 1430 and was dead in 1508. He therefore lived through one of the most tragic reigns in Scottish history, that of James III, and the sadness of the times is reflected in his work. Henryson is the Makar whom I should most like to have met. If I had been one of the company that evening when Hunt and Lamb and the others played their game, "Persons one would wish to have seen," I would have plumped for Henryson. And I am sure that Charles, being an eater of olives and a reader of black letter, would have rid himself of his prejudice against Scotsmen and backed me in my singularity. I should have subjected the dominie to a proper quizzing. Who was "Blind Harry," and was he really blind? Who, exactly, was Thomas of Erceldoune? Did anyone write anything at all during David I's reign? Who was "Huchown of the Awle Ryale"? Was he Sir Hew of Eglintoun? Or, were there two Sir Hews? If so, which of them wrote *The Pearl* and *Gawain?* Or did either of them? Who were all these Makaris mentioned by Dunbar? What happened to his own missing poem, *On Fut by Forth?* Was it a long poem and what was it all about? And who was he himself anyhow?

I would like to know how the plan for nailing the ears of sorners to the nearest tree worked out and to what extent it put a stop to the plague of beggars; how effective the sumptuary laws had been; whether they managed to put a curb on the smuggling of English cloth into the country; whether they were able to make the blacksmiths soberer and catch the racketeering ferrymen, the Black Marketeers, and the debasers of the currency. I suppose they blamed everything on the King's favourites. Poor James III!—a cultured man who loved art and letters and music and architecture. He hated war and campaigning and the chase. He had nothing in common with aristocratic thugs like Angus, or Huntly, or Hume, or Lennox, the very men who should have been his friends and advisers. The result was a tragic cleavage and in his loneliness James turned to men who could give him the companionship he craved—Thomas Cochrane, the architect; William Roger, the musician and composer; William Torphichen, one of the most brilliant masters of fence in his day; John Leonard, the goldsmith, who had once been in the employ of Cosimo de Medici in Florence; John Ireland, the Sorbonne doctor. James wanted to found a college of music at Stirling with the revenues of Soutra. But this was too much. They took and hanged the King's favourites over Lauder Bridge and rang down the curtain at the mill at Sauchieburn. That was the reward of culture in those days.

To come back to Henryson. I would have got him to talk about his own poetry—about that lovely little thing, *The Abbey Walk*, which is just the statement of an old truth, that godliness with content is great gain:

> Allone as I went up and doun
> In to ane Abbay was fair to se,

Think and quhat consolation
Was best into aduersitie;
On caiss[3] I kest on side mine e',
And saw this writtin vpoun a wall:
"Of quhat estait, Man, that thou be,
Obey, and thank thy God of all."

Henryson had a fine sense of values. He knew that beauty fades—

Nocht is your fairness bot ane fading flour—

but sang in his heart his own goodly version of the words of the prophet, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes"—

O youth, be glad into thy flouris green!
O youth, thy flouris fadis ferly sone[3]!

But, better still if the man who is nearing the end of his journey can say with a clear conscience:

I am content that youthheid is ago:
The moyr of aige the nearer hevynis blis.

That is exactly Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, the man whom Paul describes as having "a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

There are lines in Henryson which seem to anticipate passages in later and greater writers. The "foul giand" in *The Bluidy Serk*, who

held the lady day and nicht
Within his deep dungeoun,

obviously suggests Spenser and Bunyan while the macabre *Three Deid Pollis* (skulls) makes us think immediately of Hamlet's soliloquy. *The Garmont of Gude Ladies*, that gentle idealization of woman, is very fine too:

Of hie honour suld be her hude,
Upon her heid to wear,
Garneist with governance so gude
Na deeming suld her deir[4] . . . .

Her hat suld be of fair-having,
And her tepat of truth;
Her patelet of gude-pansing[5]
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.[6]

Robene and Makyne will always remain one of the gems of Scottish literature, a simple but firm reminder that

The man that will nocht when he may
Sall have nocht when he wald.

---

[3]By chance. [3]Terribly soon. [4]No censure should hurt her.
[5]Good thinking. [6]Throat ribbon of pity.

Henryson was one of the first British poets to use the apologue as a literary *genre*. His *Morall Fables* are, however, very different from their classical models. He no doubt got the idea of translating the Latin "Fables" (so-called) of Aesop into the vernacular when reading them with his pupils, but he has made them completely his own and stamped his stories with his own genius and personality. We learn from them a great deal about the people of Henryson's day—what they ate, how the poor lived, how the rich fared, how they travelled; we are told about gilds and burgesses. Henryson's great gift, it has been pointed out, was his ability to "realize the human in the animal" while preserving and indicating the special animal characteristics. I wish that Walt Disney would illustrate *The Taill of the Uplandis Mous and the Burges Mous*. That would be a wonderful team.

* * *

Although Henryson lived in the reign of James III, his name is in no way associated with that of the king. It is different with Dunbar, who was a court poet and thrown into the company of James IV : their names are indissolubly linked. The two men disliked each other. They were not only naturally antipathetic but force of circumstances widened the breach between them. Dunbar was a practical-minded Lowlander. James was an erratic Stuart, with more than an average Stuart's brains; a compound of sagacity and stubbornness, of modernism and credulity, of sensuality and asceticism, a gay galliard and a morbid egocentric, a lover of church ceremonial who knew nothing of true religion, a showman who loved pomp and circumstance from which he would withdraw in sudden revulsion and immure himself within the grim walls of the monastery of the Observantine friars in Stirling. Scotland under James IV made great material progress and the fame of his court spread throughout Europe; but in the end his obstinacy involved his country in the irretrievable disaster of Flodden. His Scotland was an uneasy place; there was something sinister in the atmosphere. It was as if the Angel of Death was in close attendance and one seems to hear the faint tolling of the bell. Like the poetry of Henryson the work of Dunbar reflects the mood of the times. There is nothing in it of what Eyre-Todd calls "the warm breath and promise of a springtime." There is gorgeous colouring and high imagination, but the poems of Dunbar "are like the glories of the autumn forest, the fires of the withering leaf."

James loved to entertain brilliant figures like the Sieur d'Aubigny or dazzling adventurers like Perkin Warbeck, but the number of self-made men at his court showed that the times were changing. The merchant class was coming into its own; the *nouveaux riches* made James's banquetings possible and these men were no longer to be denied. Dunbar hated to see the old order giving place to the new. He complains bitterly that the son of a belted earl might any day see at court a lout from his father's estate

far above him set at tabell
That wont was for to muck the stable.

But neither Dunbar nor anyone else could halt the process of democratization that had begun in Scotland. He resented what he termed the hordes of "servitouris" he had daily to encounter—fine craftsmen, diviners, rhetors, alchemists like John Damian, the Lombardian, philosophers, astrologers, artists, musicians, minstrels, merry-singers, French flingers, carvers, barque-builders, masons, glaziers, goldsmiths, lapidars, pryntours like Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, painters, and potingaris (apothecaries). In fact, Dunbar was wretchedly unhappy at court. This was partly his own fault, partly his misfortune. His sharp tongue made him unpopular; his satiric wit made him feared. He was an Observantine Franciscan, dedicated to poverty, but compelled to live his life amid the glitter of a royal court. He wanted financial security and all he got was a small allowance which the King could stop at any moment. His sense of dependence made him bitter, and like Burns he took it out on his social superiors. That attitude of mind has never done a man any good; all it can do is to lessen the ache for the moment. Burns stated his grievance in these words: "It is not easy to imagine a more helpless state than his whose poetic fancy unfits him for the world, and whose character as a scholar gives him some pretensions to the *politesse* of life—yet is as poor as I am." Dunbar summed up his case in his *Remonstrance to the King*. Dunbar's dunning of James did him no good; indeed it did him a great deal of harm. It was what the poet himself calls his "thoughtless follies" that laid poor Burns low. But it was his knowledge of what these follies could do to a man that enabled him to write the finest piece of "Sentence" in Scottish literature, the *Epistle to a Young Friend*. But Dunbar's "Sentence" has another source and is of another kind. He got off to a bad start at court. He offended the King almost as soon as he became the accredited court poet, by telling him that now he was a married man he would have to behave himself and set a good example. James never forgave Dunbar for this gratuitous advice. The poet annoyed the King too by the implied suggestion in *The Fenyit Freir of Tungland* that he was a fool to let himself be taken in so easily by a man who was an obvious fraud. *God gif ye war Johne Thomsonis man* (a wife-ridden husband) added to the sum of Dunbar's offending. The limit was reached when he jeered at the King for spending so much of his time doing penance in Stirling for his sins when he ought to have been attending to matters of state. This was going too far and the result was that Dunbar became completely alienated from the King and more of a queen's man than he had ever been before.

It was an unhappy situation. James showed his preference more and more for men like "Blind Harry" who used to be invited to recite portions of his *Wallace* at the royal palace. James liked *Wallace* because it was a Scottish poem and because it irritated his English wife, Margaret Tudor,

Henry VIII's trollop of a sister. Gavin Douglas, the handsome Archbishop of St. Andrews, was another of James's friends. The King knew that Gavin's scamp of a nephew, Archibald Douglas, later the sixth Earl of Angus, was carrying on an outrageous flirtation with his queen; but James had reached the point of not caring. He just wanted to forget for a time his domestic worries and the cares of state, and Gavin helped him to do so by talking to him and reciting his nature poetry which was something new in Scotland. He liked to hear Gavin read about June evenings when

> The licht begouth to quinkle out and fail,
> The day to darken, decline and devaill. . .
> And everything, whareso them likis best
> Bownis[7] to take the halesome nychtis rest
> After the dayis labour and the heat;

and about Perthshire trout streams with their

> silver scalit fishes on the great
> Ourthwart clear streamis sprinkland[8] for the heat
> With finnis shinand brown as synopar[9]
> And chisel tailis steerand here and thar.

I can imagine Gavin lingering over a line such as

> The wind made wave the red weed on the dyke,

or over the realism of the etching, which suggests Burns and Gray, in the

> Puir laboureris and busy husbandmen
> . . . wet and weary draglit in the fen,

and I can imagine the King's admiration for the wintry prologue of the Seventh *Aeneid*. For, as James must have been interested to learn, Gavin was making the first translation of Virgil into a British tongue; and when he talked about the difficulties of translation he was anticipating what Dryden said on the same subject more than a century and a half later. Douglas was a far better scholar than Dunbar. But all that it brought him in the end was banishment and an exile's death in London.

It was *The Thrissill and the Rois* that first brought Dunbar and the "sweit meik Rois," as he called Margaret, together. She was as coarse and vulgar as her brother and her standard of morals was not much higher than his. She loved bawdy tales and low acquaintances. *The Dance in the Queenis Chamber* is the sort of thing she liked. Dunbar lost his slipper dancing with Mistress Musgrave, one of the Queen's ladies. There were hints that there was an affair between the couple but that was pure scandal. Women, in the physical sense, were outside Dunbar's life. He knew the sex thoroughly, but from the psychological point of view and from his experience as a priest. And he studied them to some purpose as we shall presently see. He knew Margaret particularly well and gave her the kind

[7]Prepares. [8]Darting. [9]Red pigment.

of advice she wanted—and possibly also needed. Shortly after Flodden we find him advising the "yung brekand blosum, yit on the stalkis grene" to get married again. And of course she did. And the man she married was Gavin Douglas' nephew.

The people who were hated most of all by Dunbar were the silken-skinned ladies-in-waiting. It was among them that he found *The Tua Maryit Wemen and the Wedo*. The theme of the poem is common; so are the women. They are "glamour girls," gold-diggers who have no morals and have only one idea in their heads—having a good time. They are beautifully dressed in the height of fashion; they look lady-like and refined with their finely chiselled features and their delicate manners. You would never take them for what they are. They have beautiful hair and wear fine curches of lawn and mantles green as May. They seem to fit perfectly into their pleasant setting—a lovely arbour with marble tables covered with cups of rich wine. It is "Midsummer evin, mirriest of nichtis," and everything seems to breathe of happiness and love and delight. Then you cannot help hearing some of the things these ladies are talking about. It is hard-boiled, cynical stuff. It gets more so as the wine begins to have its effect. Their gestures become suggestive, their innuendoes more and more lewd. They never completely lose their poise and still have sense enough as morning draws near to remember that daylight plays strange tricks with hard faces, bringing out hidden wrinkles and showing traces of age. Next moment the women are no longer there. Just the mists rising gently from the meadows, the mavis singing and the other birds making melody in the woods. It only lacks a pile of red-tipped cigarette stubs to make the picture completely modern. There is not a hint of moralizing in the poem; no "Sentence" expressed. It is all implied, and the lesson driven home, in the contrast between the outward beauty of the women and their inward rottenness. Few artists could have handled the theme so skilfully. Noel Coward perhaps; and Arthur Schnitzler; and Byron. But *Beppo* is far inferior to *The Tua Maryit Wemen and the Wedo*, which is "Sentence" sublimated, "Moralitas" made aesthetic.

* * *

There is, however, another side to Dunbar. He is one of our greatest religious and devotional poets. Scottish devotional poetry belongs almost wholly to the time of the Makaris when the vernacular was capable of the Grand Manner. Since their time, and especially since the Reformation, the vernacular has gained in suppleness and intimacy but has lost dignity and the faculty of high seriousness. It has sunk to the level of a medley of local dialects. *The Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, which appeared in 1546, was a tremendously important little work. The ballads, which were written in the vernacular, did a great deal to spread the doctrines of the Reformation. For half a century at least they were the unauthorized spiritual songs of the

Church; some of them seem to anticipate George Herbert. And they had a certain dignity although the anglicization of Scotland had already begun. But there were numerous satirical skits and parodies during Reformation times that did a great deal to degrade the vernacular. Poor Zachary Boyd (1585?-1653), who was minister of the Barony Church and Rector of the University of Glasgow, was one of the unwitting causes of this. His *Garden of Zion* (1644), which was a metrical paraphrase of a portion of the Old Testament, was parodied by Samuel Colvill in verses that anticipate Chesterton or Belloc.

But in Dunbar's time the vernacular was a national speech; that is what made it so impressive. The *Lament for the Makaris* is a sombre, haunting thing, a noble elegy on the illustrious dead; *The Dance of the Sevin Deidly Sins* is a fearful vision of the medieval hell; *The Ballad of our Lady* is a magnificent paean; the Christmas ode, *Rorate coeli desuper* (Drop down ye heavens from above), is filled with spiritual intensity and *The Merle*[10] *and the Nightingale* is a noble conclusion of the whole matter as Dunbar sees it:

> Than sang they both with voicis lowd and cleir;
> The merle sang, "Man, lufe God that hes the wrocht[11]":
> The nychtingall sang, "Man, lufe the Lord most deir,
> That the and all this warld maid of nocht": . . .
> The merle said, "Love him that thy lufe hes socht
> Fra hevin to end and heir tuk flesche and bone":
> The nychtingall sang, "And with his deid the bocht;
> All lufe is lost bot upone him allone."

Scottish devotional poetry came to an end with Alexander Hume, the minister of Logie, who died in 1609. His *Day Estivall* is a lovely poem, which opens with the following lines,

> O perfite light, which shaid away
> The darkness from the light,
> And set a ruler ou'r the day
> Ane uther ou'r the night.

* * *

Sir Walter has drawn us a good likeness of David Lyndsay, but the best etching we have of the Lyon King-of-Arms is one done by himself. Lyndsay had been appointed chief page or usher to the infant Prince James, afterwards James V, and when the child was old enough to play games,

> as ane chapman beris his pak,
> I bure thy Grace upon my bak,
> And sumtymes, strydlingis on my nek,
> Dansand with mony bend and bek.
> The first sillabis that thow did mute
> Was PA, DA, LYN,[12] upon the lute;
> Then pleyit I twenty spryngis, perqueir,
> Quhilk was gret piete for to heir.
> Fra play thow leit me never rest,
> But Gynkartoun[13] thow luffit ay best;

[10]Blackbird. [11]That has fashioned thee. [12]Play, Davie Lyndsay.
[13]This is an old Scots tune.

And ay, quhen thow come frome the scule
Than I behuffit to play the fule.

Lyndsay was in the Church of St. Michael in Linlithgow that evening when the King was accosted by a man "clothed in a blue gown" who warned him not to set forth on what was to prove a fatal campaign. There is a suspicion that it was a plot planned by the Queen to frighten her husband by working on his superstition. Lyndsay probably knew more about the affair than he dared to say. He very probably knew also whose voice it was that was heard at the Mercat Cross in Edinburgh at midnight, summoning all those who were about to die with James to appear within forty days before the master of him who spoke. Nineteen years after Flodden Lyndsay stood by the bedside of James's son, who was once the child he had played with. It must have been a sad moment for him when his monarch, worn out by sorrow and disappointment, "turned his back to his lordis and his face to the wall" and so passed away.

* * *

The Makar who is highest in favour with the modern poets of Scotland is Dunbar. This is at first somewhat difficult to understand; for he was not a particularly good Scot. He chose English models for his poetry, ran down Edinburgh and praised London to the skies. He hated his Highland neighbours and openly showed his preference for Lowlanders. And it was not the poetry of Dunbar that inspired the national poet of Scotland and poured that "tide of Scottish prejudice" into his veins, but rather Hamilton of Gilbertfield's modernization of "Blind Harry's" *Wallace*. Dunbar was the more ingenious craftsman in the high art of verse-making, but he was utterly incapable of giving the Seven Deadly Sins a local habitation and a name as Burns did in *The Jolly Beggars*. That is the measure of the difference between the two poets.

A court poet who had aimed to amuse and entertain, Dunbar was neglected and forgotten after the Reformation. The aim of the poets who came after him was to reach the hearts of the people; the form of their work and the language it was written in were specifically adapted to that end. Dunbar was in the main a dexterous handler of words, but unfortunately we have grown accustomed since his time to work that is so much more subtle and elusive that we can give no more than what Rachel Annand Taylor calls "a polite assent to his dexterity." His golden words have become faded. Once or twice he almost stepped into the Land of Faerie, but he could not in the end break the spell of his times. Once or twice he raised his eyes to the everlasting hills, but he only caught a Pisgah sight of them. Many of our modern Scottish writers have expressed their dissatisfaction with what they have done. They seem to find their counterparts in Dunbar. Perhaps that is one reason for their fondness for him. Be this as it may, despite his limitations he has certainly spurred them on.

A CANADIAN DISCIPLE OF FRANÇOIS MAURIAC: ROBERT CHARBONNEAU

ALLAN MCANDREW

FRENCH-CANADIAN literature has been too frequently rejected as an uninspired mosaic of poems and novels grouped around *Les Anciens Canadiens*, *L'Hirondelle*, *Maria Chapdelaine*, and *The Golden Dog*, better known as *Le Chien d'or*.[1] As recently as 1936, A. R. M. Lower dismissed French-Canadian literature as "a matter of romantic novels, tepid poetry, or stylistic criticism."[2] Professor Felix Walter corrected this view with his observation that "from the turn of the century at any rate, French-Canadian novelists, poets, and critics have been marching steadily away from the 'romantic,' the 'tepid,' and the 'stylistic.' "[3] The point of view of the French-Canadian critics regarding their literature would find, I think, its most measured expression in Maurice Hébert. M. Hébert is of the opinion that, while in its *ensemble* French-Canadian literature merits respect, it is by no means transcendent.[4] During the past ten years interesting works have appeared. Ringuet's *Trente Arpents*, for example, has achieved a considerable degree of popularity outside Canada. Publication in Paris gave the book the possibility of wide circulation. Ringuet, indeed, owes a debt of gratitude to the Quebec editors who took no interest in his novel. Robert Charbonneau believes, nevertheless, that there is as yet no artistic tradition in Canada: the writer who seeks perfection, he says, does so only because his self-respect demands it.[5]

The history of the French-Canadian novel still does not dazzle our eyes with a succession of masterpieces: for that we must look to the future. Two few Quebec authors have digested Boileau's warning to the poet:

> Si son astre en naissant ne l'a formé poète,
> Dans son génie étroit il est toujours captif.

The French-Canadian author has had at times too narrow a view of morality.[6] It does not seem to have occurred to him that literary morality might require that he suppress his work.

[1]It is not my intention to lay claim to *Le Chien d'or* on behalf of French-Canadian literature. Kirby's novel was written in English. The work often passes, however, for a French romance, undoubtedly because of its title, subject-matter, and the fact of its translation by Le May.

[2]"Unknown Quebec" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, Oct., 1936).

[3]"Letters in Canada: 1936. Part II: French-Canadian Letters" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, July, 1937). American interest in French Canada and its culture has been productive in the past few years of concrete results, for example, publications and the formation of a French-Canadian section by the Modern Language Association of America.

[4]*Le Canada français*, Nov., 1936.

[5]*Connaissance du personnage* (Montreal, 1944), 107-8.

[6]See Berthelot Brunet, *Histoire de la littérature canadienne-française* (Montreal, 1946), 165-73.

A major theme of the novel in Quebec has been ancestor-worship (the term is Felix Walter's) of one form or another, as seen in the historical novel and the *roman du terroir*. The novels of the past few years, however, permit one to assert that a new era lies ahead of the expanding *genre*. The hero is becoming socially and politically emancipated; he is no longer the symbol of his group, with his fate tied to the destiny of his race, but a man of flesh and blood.

Among contemporary writers, Robert Charbonneau—co-director of *La Nouvelle Relève*, poet, critic, and novelist—commands our attention by the break in his novels with the tradition of fiction in Quebec.[7] M. Charbonneau does not preach at or exhort his compatriots to hold fast before the onslaught of the Anglo-Saxon barbarian. The omission of the patriotic tone and of parochialism might well displease some in the Province of Quebec, but it is a happy fault which should increase the circulation of Charbonneau's novels outside that province. The tradition of the novel for Robert Charbonneau is the psychological tradition of Stendhal, Proust, and Mauriac. The course which this Canadian novelist has set himself is fraught with a certain peril. M, Charbonneau frequently staggers beneath the burden of this tradition of sustained greatness.

Robert Charbonneau is a Catholic novelist after the fashion of Mauriac and Bernanos. There are in his two novels[8] no demoniacal characters of the type we find in Mauriac, except Ly in *Ils posséderont la terre*, who has the destructive nature of a Thérèse Desqueyroux; nor do we find the saint type of Bernanos. Charbonneau's novels are linked to the works of Mauriac and Bernanos through the Pascalian formula—the helplessness of man without God and the power of man with God; the great issue is the human soul in relationship to its Maker, the drama is the utter prostration of man without Grace. In Mauriac concupiscence is the inexhaustible source of the tragic plight of a humanity denied Divine Grace. In Bernanos we see that the strong passionate nature bears within itself the seeds of saintliness which only await Love and the Grace of God in order to flower.

In *Connaissance du personnage*, Charbonneau makes his position as a Catholic novelist clear. Original sin is the basis of the human drama. The matter upon which the novelist, be he Catholic or not, will draw is "the struggle of man against himself, against his inclination to sin or the bonds and obstacles which oppose his happiness or his pleasure, or his struggle against God." In his two novels, Charbonneau depicts the inner conflict of egotistical and introspective persons who seek glory or perfection —that *libido excellendi* which Pascal in his day had ultimately recognized as the spirit which is opposed to the spirit of Christianity. The frustration and suffering of his characters, Charbonneau suggests, is the result of their lack of Grace.

[7] *Ibid.*, 172-3.

[8] *Ils posséderont la terre* (Montreal, 1941); *Fontile* (Montreal, 1945).

The reader is struck by the absence of reference in these novels to the problems of French-Canadian survival. In fact, apart from the religious atmosphere, which we recognize as being French-Canadian, and the occasional details of manners, one is apt to forget the setting. This "casual" manner of Charbonneau must not be imputed to a betrayal of his group but to his conception of the novel as an artistic creation.

Creation is an important word in Charbonneau's critical vocabulary. Man is the object of the novel; according to Charbonneau, the novelist must concern himself with the revelation of a human soul. "It is no longer a question in the first place of telling a story, of describing a *milieu*, of setting forth a philosophical or moral conception, but of creating characters." *Fontile*, however, is to some extent an *étude de moeurs*. Charbonneau paints, with very much more elaboration than in *Ils posséderont la terre*, the background against which we see his characters. The title—*Fontile*—makes clear this greater preoccupation with manners, for Fontile is the name of the city in which the action of both novels takes place. The inner and personal conflict of Julien, the hero of *Fontile*, is given relief through the depiction of the moral climate of Fontile. Charbonneau, however, does not seem sure of the *dosage de moeurs* permissible in the novel. A comparison of *Fontile* with the version he published in his review in 1944-5 shows Charbonneau's hesitation on this point. When does the depiction of manners become mere padding? Opinion will vary. It does seem that the anecdote related by Mareux to Julien about their *Collège* days and Mareux's "shot-gun" marriage with Chamel's daughter are padding despite the influence of these events upon Julien's story. However, the sister of Bonneville, the journalist, has undoubtedly been suppressed as a character because Charbonneau did not know what to do with her.

The sense that Charbonneau gives to the creation of characters is hostile to their construction from observed verities as in the case of Duhamel whose characters, according to Charbonneau, lack spiritual density. Charbonneau stresses the mystery in which are enveloped the people who surround us in real life. For him the truth of a man's soul can rarely, if ever, be seized because of the multitude of factors which stand between a man and his actions. Consequently the novelist, he feels, must create "living beings who are men whom we may know in their conscience, as God knows them." Characters must be "autonomous" beings "endowed with a free will and with a conscience."

Since Charbonneau is so precise in laying down the qualities required of the novelist it becomes all the more imperative to assess him in the light of his own values. His analysis of character is inferior to that of Mauriac and Bernanos. He lacks the remorseless analysis of the former, and he does not approach the "brave disorder" of the latter. The truth is that Charbonneau's "imitation" of the two great French Catholic novelists is weakest where failure is the most serious: he does not really succeed in creating characters. His men and women, nevertheless, remain interesting

failures. His characters would, perhaps, have achieved real life had he used more energy in exploiting the situations in which he has placed them. There is an episodic quality to both novels which is as puzzling as it is irritating to the reader, who is constantly bewildered by Charbonneau's choice of material that is abandoned before it leads anywhere.

Charbonneau's method of character analysis is loose, and its effect is confusing. The reader is not prepared to sacrifice to the principle of "autonomy" his understanding of why a personage behaves as he does. One is constantly baffled in *Ils posséderont la terre* by Edward's rapid shift from one interest or course of action to another. At one moment Edward and André are on the train *en route* to Ethiopia. His mind fired by the reading of a few pages of *Ulysses*, Edward talks at length about his childhood to André. Edward does not reach Ethiopia; he does not even go aboard ship. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Edward's ideas turn from Ethiopia to the Seminary where he does not remain long. His mother and Dorothée ask for an explanation of his return home. Edward is unwilling to give reasons for his surprising behaviour. He thinks: "Comment raconter cela?" Charbonneau has not solved the problem of "how to tell that." He never makes the behaviour of his personages inevitable despite his tireless probing into their thoughts and feelings. In *Fontile*, Charbonneau is chiefly concerned with one character, Julien Pollender. Despite the analysis, Julien, like the personages of *Ils posséderont la terre*, remains a pale and enigmatic figure. These characters are nearly all shadow and of little substance.

Charbonneau's occasional use of a word which is vague in its context is not unrelated to his looseness of analysis. In *Fontile*, after noting the inferiority complex and the introspection of his hero as a child, we learn that Julien yearned after glory when still very young. "I desired to escape through it [glory] from my inner demon." The words "démon intérieur" are so vague that one pauses over them. Precisely what does Charbonneau mean? The methods of biblical exegesis, however suitable to a Milton, for example, are trying in a modern novel. Does Charbonneau mean that the pursuit of glory will free his hero from his sense of uselessness? An examination of the novel in *La Nouvelle Relève* shows that Charbonneau's first version read: "I desired to escape through it from the *milieu* of merchants in which I was born."

Charbonneau leaves himself open to a further reproach—from this writer at least—that his novels give off a vague aura of the library, for at times the shadow of French literature, in which he is obviously steeped, lies heavily on the pages of his novels. In *Connaissance du personnage*, Charbonneau comments on Valéry's confession that he would be unable to write a novel because he would not be able to put into the mouth of a character phrases like "Bonjour, Monsieur," with any conviction. Valéry's discomfort over the use of hackneyed expressions shows, according to Charbonneau, that he would have been a mediocre novelist for he did not

realize that it is the "spiritual or carnal density" of the personages which gives life to such phrases. Charbonneau's characters have very little "spiritual or carnal density" whenever their intellectual tendencies are stressed. Some of the reality they possess fades away to be replaced by an inelasticity which could unwittingly become comic.

Charbonneau renders a great service to French-Canadian letters by his insistence that the novelist must not close his eyes to evil on the pretext of avoiding scandal. The French-Canadian novel has lacked vigour because of excessive prudishness. This does not mean that the scruples of French-Canadian novelists are ill-founded in substance, but it does suggest one reason, at least, for the lifelessness of many of their productions. Charbonneau, in his essay on Mauriac, states that "the novelist must perforce busy himself with evil, because drama is always born of disorder, even the inner drama of holiness which is the contest between Grace and [our] instincts, between the supernatural and nature." It would be untrue, however, to suppose that there is much "evil" in Charbonneau's novels. They are marred by a fatal timidity which prevents him from facing the scarlet sins like a Mauriac.

It is interesting to note that in his novels Charbonneau deals with the adolescent. He believes—and it is evident in the novels—that the explanation of much of the mystery of man is to be found in his childhood. Adolescence has never been a theme of major importance in French literature. Marivaux, it is true, concerned himself with very young men and women. *Manon Lescaut* is a drama of frustration and amorality. The immortal prigs—Paul and Virginia—represent Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's contribution to the study of youth. But though the juvenile is not entirely absent, he is usually set against a background of weary humanity. He moves in an adult world relieved only occasionally by flashes of youthful freshness. Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes* is the first novel of importance which is recognized as the novel of adolescence. Peyre in *Hommes et oeuvres du xx^e^ siècle* characterizes Fournier as the "romancier du rêve et de l'aventure, évocateur de son enfance." Fournier made his novel the synthesis of his childhood memories and aspirations. The adventure he relates, set in the countryside of his childhood, is purely psychological; and the world in which it takes place, while real, is fresh, young, and mysterious: everything is transfigured with discreet poetry.

This is not the world of Robert Charbonneau. He and Fournier do stand together, however, in portraying the disparity between the world of dreams and that of reality. Nowhere in Charbonneau do we find the touching regret of an Yvonne de Galais: "Et peut-être que je ne puis rien faire pour lui?" Meaulnes is unable to accept the happiness at hand: he is the prisoner of his dreams.

Charbonneau has a darker view of life than Fournier despite the tragedy of the Frenchman's life. In *Fontile*, our attention is focussed on Julien's childhood and youth as we follow his awkward and anguished

attempts to adjust himself to life. There is a fatality in the life of man which is not easy to accept however true it be that man creates his own fate and is therefore responsible for the *dénouement* which overtakes him. So it is with Julien. His efforts to free himself from Fontile are ineffectual, for the bonds which tie him to his *milieu* are further tightened by his election to parliament. Julien drives his car into the country after his triumph in order to be alone with his thoughts. He steps out of his car, surveys the trees swaying gently in the breeze, the river, low at this season, and reflects: "They reminded me of my ambitious dreams, my anguish to act, my impatience to model life." In *Ils posséderont la terre*, Edward and Ly leave on the train for the West and a new life. But they leave behind a suicide and parents in a furore, and they take with them a heavy score of incompatibility to be settled in the sequel.

I have already indicated that Charbonneau does not approve of his characters. Like some of Mauriac's personages they are dissatisfied with themselves. In the case of Julien, Charbonneau brings about a pact between him and Christ.

André Laroudan, Edward Wilding, and Julien Pollender are the principal characters in Charbonneau's novels; morally speaking, they resemble each other basically, and yet they remain three different types of young men. The fire of self-analysis of the adolescent does not concern us here. We merely note that it is excessive in them. The student of the Catholic novel, having observed the self-dissatisfaction of these young men, will take due cognizance of the following facts. Both Edward and Julien are tormented by religious anxiety. Edward has been brought up in hatred of sin with the notion of damnation ever present in his mind. For him and Julien confession is associated with a degree of anguish close to nightmare. The fear of God has been inculcated into André as a child to such an extent that no room is left for love. The word love is significant in terms of the fate which Robert Charbonneau metes out to his characters. As André contemplates his failure in life he thinks "of the gesture which would have changed all these reverses into success, which would have increased a hundredfold his strength and would have magnified him above himself: *le don de soi.*"

This *don de soi*, charity, is not offered by Edward, who, however, came very close to it; and his life will be burdened by a marriage with a woman he does not love, a woman whom, in fact, he fears. André and Edward remain earth-bound: "ils posséderont la terre."

Julien Pollender, at the age of thirty, is a near failure: he has not achieved anything and his initiation into the world of affairs is halting and unwilling. There is a woman in his life also. Happily for him his capacity to *s'engager*, to commit himself, is less atrophied, despite his egotism, than is the case with André. Armande, who is close to death, offers her life for him: the offer is accepted and Julien is delivered from his obsession and pride. The chapter in which Julien sums up the anguish which quits

him through his pact with Christ—the result of Armande's intercession, as he later discovers—is turgid. One is prepared to accept Charbonneau's belief that the mystery of man is profound; one is less willing to accept mysteriousness from Charbonneau. The reader is also puzzled after this chapter (XVI) to discover Julien's cruel confession: "Yes, I did not care about Armande's illness; she was going to die, whereas I had to live. . . ." This is an upsetting revelation from a man who has concluded a pact with Christ! Charbonneau in his revision of *Fontile* has not always succeeded in maintaining an even tone of coherence—especially in the last part of the novel. In the first version of *Fontile* Julien's comment on Armande's illness is made after his reconciliation with the girl—following upon a break in their relations—but before the conclusion of his pact with Christ. Strangely enough Charbonneau now places the pact with Christ before Julien's misunderstanding with Armande!

Charbonneau's point of view and presentation of character are then Mauriacian: he is concerned with men who are dissatisfied with themselves, who lack Grace, and whose fate is either frustration or redemption. Charbonneau by this attitude to life unites his characters.

Externally the dissimilarity between André, Edward, and Julien is pronounced. André yearns for domination—here provided by wealth—which is but a lesser form of the desire for perfection. His adolescence comes to an end in the sense that he adjusts himself to his *milieu*, not without a struggle, and limits his desires to what lies more in the power of the average man. André is the most earthy of the three in his mode of living. Edward is mystic by temperament. As he has no economic preoccupations, his desire for perfection seeks fulfilment in the realm of the spirit. The priesthood seems to be his vocation. He fails, however, to find in the novitiate the answer to his problem, and withdraws. Like Icarus he is fated to be dashed to the ground. His fate—marriage with Ly Laroudan—is cruel. Julien is tormented by his desire for glory in literature. His *milieu* is unsympathetic and confining. He is not understood by his family. After three years spent in literary circles—a strange republic of letters, indeed, where this provincial poet dines and wines friends who secretly poke fun at his talent—he returns to Fontile to try to live, as he puts it, like a man of Fontile, aware that he has no real talent. He does make the effort to *s'engager* (commit himself) to life in Fontile. He is still a victim of pride, but a "victim" who is active. He stands in relationship to André and Edward as do the heroes of seventeenth-century French tragedy to the passive heroes of Renaissance tragedy. Julien does, however, become humanized by his love for Armande. He is getting outside himself, as it were, so that Grace can enter through the breach so created. Bernanos remarks in his *Journal d'un curé de campagne* that most of us live on the surface of ourselves: we do not *engager* our being and our deep sincerity. Julien observes that each day he discovers his share of the pact with Christ with fright.

Dorothée, Ly, and Armande play decisive roles in the lives of the heroes of *Ils posséderont la terre* and of *Fontile*. Dorothée is the most elusive of the three. Ly is a dangerous woman with vulgar tastes. Incapable of love, she lives for love. Armande is gay and charming. Her illness, which culminates in death, directs her attention to spiritual problems. Julien calls her a saint because of her intercession on his behalf.

Dorothée's moral portrait is all the more interesting because of the discretion with which she moves through the novel. The destined bride of Edward, she loves two men and marries neither of them. Julien, in a moment of indiscretion which Charbonneau has thought better of, explains the enigma of her personality thus: "She carried with her the disenchantment of a virgin widow. . . ."

Dorothée, like Edward and André, is earth-bound and she lacks that "politeness of the heart which is charity." She has but one spontaneous impulse to action in the course of the novel. She would have liked to throw herself into André's arms when he returned to her. Needless to say she did nothing of the kind and consequently deserved Julien's epithet. Dorothée experienced the need of being loved. Unfortunately André was incapable of the decisiveness which would have won the girl.

The first relations between these young people ended in the same fashion. Dorothée used to listen patiently to the recital of André's despair. When André attempted to embrace her, however, she burned her hand with her cigarette without a word. This detail is not to suggest youthful awkwardness but rather her morality, for her "grey eyes shone with incandescent purity." This young woman who, incidentally, detested Jews, succumbed to nervous reaction upon her return home and required cold compresses on her brow. The ridiculousness of this episode is attenuated, somewhat, by the struggle between the two adolescents who are seeking each other on "different planes."

Charbonneau at times comes dangerously close to the extravagant in the expression of ideas and in the depiction of things which in themselves are beyond reproach. Julien permits himself an observation so prudish in character that one is quite unprepared to accept what one would not have questioned otherwise. "I supposed that his Catholic upbringing," he remarks of one of his friends, "almost identical with mine, had kept him apart from any sexual adventure." One can find pontifical observations even in Mauriac; while they have not the leaden and platitudinous tone of Balzac at his worst, they detract from the artistic perfection of his work. Mauriac remarks in *La Pharisienne* that the misfortune of men is the result of their inability to remain chaste and that a chaste humanity would be free from the evils with which we are overwhelmed. Mauriac is too much the artist to yield to the temptation of writing tracts despite his innate tendency to the lay sermon. In his biographical writings he gives freer rein to his style in the exposition of his religious and moral beliefs. In his *Commencements d'une vie*, Mauriac tells us that he and his brothers got up

and left the performance of tableaux vivants in the Théâtre de la Gaîté in Bordeaux. In *Fontile*, Julien describes his reactions to a "burlesque show." He had the force of character to leave; but what a departure! "I had stood up reeling under the strength of my emotion and had proceeded to the exit. Outside, joy had swollen my breast." In the final analysis it must remain always a question of "when to repress, and when indulge our flights."

It has been a common belief that art in Canada must seek to exploit the "Canadian" in order to create a tradition worthy of the destiny which, we are told, lies ahead of this country. The Canadian artist, handicapped by the primacy of Anglo-American and French literatures, has sought his salvation in the depiction of what may well prove to be in the end only transient features of Canadian life. The shooting of a gangster in downtown Toronto or the problems of a Jewish lawyer and his Montreal sweetheart, remain in the final analysis documents for the social archaeologist of the future.

Robert Charbonneau challenges with his two novels the deep-rooted belief that the French-Canadian novelist must sing of the soil and of the national virtues to create real French-Canadian literature. His answer is that the artist must deal primarily with the realm of the universal emotions before he opens the door to any kind of particularism. The greater preoccupation with manners in *Fontile* suggests an effort of reconciliation on his part between psychological analysis and the particular.

POLAND AT THE CROSSROADS

LEON S. GARCZYNSKI

THE fact that Poland was the first country to stand up against German aggression, the splendid attitude of the Polish armed forces during the war, and the present propaganda of two rival groups wishing to rule over the country, have brought her problems to the attention of the whole world. Simultaneously, propaganda from these rival groups has obscured the real reasons why Poles are fighting so bitterly among themselves. The truth of the matter is that many people do not know which side is in the right, whether it is "London" or "Warsaw" which should command our sympathy.

As usual "truth" and "right" are to be found in the middle. As usual, too, one hears and knows little about the masses and the attitude of the nation as such, or about opinions prevailing among the Poles who did not desert their country at the crucial moment, who suffered greatly under the German yoke, and who are now working and rebuilding.

The latter, if asked whether they were "Warsaw" or "London" Poles, would answer that they were neither "Warsaw" nor "London" sympathizers, but simply Poles. They could add, and rightly, that if one is seeking truth it is essential to reject propaganda, to judge calmly events of the past, to glance at a map, and also to consider facts relating to the neighbouring nations, especially those facts which concern nations formerly united with Poland. This is essential if we wish to form an opinion on the question of boundaries. Further, if we wish to understand the new trends in the nation's life, we must study her past structure to discover who ruled the country previously and how it was done.

Thus, before writing about the present Poland, which is changing greatly, we must explain the existence of what may be called "two Polish patriotisms," and we must describe the historical role played by the Nobility and the Intelligentsia.

Glancing over the pages of Poland's history we find that the Poland which was divided at the end of the eighteenth century by Russia, Germany, and Austria, was in reality a federation of three nations, a union of Poles, Lithuanians, and Ruthenians (who later changed their name and are now called Ukrainians). The federation was brought forth by two acts of union, the first of which (the Union of Krewo in the year 1385) united the Polish and Lithuanian dynasties and the aristocracies of the three nations, while the second (the Union of Lublin in the year 1569) united the three nobilities.[1]

[1]Ancient Poland did not have an aristocracy in the Western meaning. Poland did not grant titles. An exception, however, was the title of "prince" granted to each bishop of Crakow and to two Polish families by the last Polish *Sejm* (Parliament). Therefore, the term "aristocracy" when used in relation to Poland's history, serves to identify the few top

In both cases, Poles and Lithuanians were the two main and best-known partners to the agreements while Ruthenians (Ukrainians) participated as a part of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. In spite of that minor role, the latter were satisfied, especially with the second union.[2]

There was, however, no third union between the masses of peasants, and they remained Polish, Lithuanian, or Ukrainian. This was of little political importance at a time when, as serfs, they did not count, but it has become a most important factor in modern times. As an aftermath of the political union the upper classes of the three nations mixed, and finally they all became Polish. It was this merged upper class which created what may be regarded as the widest Polish patriotism. We may call it the patriotism of the Commonwealth of Poland and may state that it was accepted by all Poles. This patriotism, however, was not accepted by the peasant masses of ancient Lithuania and of ancient Ruthenia. While the union lasted the latter played their insignificant roles when called upon, but at heart they remained Lithuanian or Ukrainian patriots.

This fact, little noticed before the partition of Poland, became more apparent during the hundred years of slavery. The upper classes at that time were decidedly Polish in spite of their origins and dreamed of the restoration of the ancient Commonwealth of Poland. They worked and fought for the independence of Poland which to their understanding had to be a union of the three nations. Judging everything according to their own standards, they accepted Polish history without reservation. They paid little attention to the fact that, owing to the absence of a third union of the three peasantries and to the activities of Germans and Russians, those who remained Ukrainians or Lithuanians, with their own traditions, had developed new upper classes to replace those lost to the Polish nation. These did not wish to rebuild the Polish Commonwealth; they were against uniting once more, and decidedly aimed at the building of their own independent states.

This new situation became noticeable, with respect to Ukrainians, in the second part of the nineteenth century, right after the granting of freedom and privileges to the peasant masses of Austria in the year 1848. Hostilities started as a political rivalry which gained momentum, became a lasting dispute, and had its climax in the Polish-Ukrainian war of the year 1918. The Ukrainians claimed for themselves the south-eastern part of Poland as far as the river San, with the city of Lwow. The Poles opposed this claim, asserting that these territories had been part of Poland for centuries, and that Lwow was populated by a Polish majority. The less

families of "the numerous nobility." The term "nobility" describes the rest of this class. Some of the latter were very wealthy and occupied high posts, while others were poor and led a life similar to that of the peasants; there was a difference, however, in their way of dress and in their privileges.

[2]See D. Doroshenko, *History of the Ukraine* (Edmonton, 1939). Professor Doroshenko states plainly that this union was not only a necessity but a blessing for the three nations.

noticed Polish-Lithuanian dispute over the city of Vilno and its vicinity also came to a climax after the year 1918, though without recourse to war.

At that time the Poles were victorious in both cases. After a lengthy dispute, Poland embraced Lwow, which was in reality a huge Polish island among the masses of the Ukrainian populace, and in the north she kept Vilno, the ancient capital of the Lithuanian Duchy, which at the moment of the partitioning of Poland was regarded as Lithuanian. Thus Poland, without completely fulfilling her dreams of rebuilding the ancient *Res Publica Poloniae*, regained most of the historical Polish domains, and also kept some territories belonging to the other two original partners. The only difference was that now, instead of being a voluntary union, Poland became a state with discontented minorities.

Unfortunately the Poles did not manage to create really good relations with the other nations who were now constituents of Poland. Unfortunately, too, the Lithuanians and Ukrainians rejected the thought of once more coming to an understanding and of repeating the ancient acts of union, and of adding a third, and final, act of union which should unite the masses of the three nations. The three peoples were blind; they did not perceive that united they could live happily, divided they would suffer. For nearly twenty years they lived side by side, disputed bitterly and egotistically, and prepared their doom. Though, in justice, every nation should have the right to accept or refuse a union with other nations, yet in this instance they all acted unwisely. Poles, Lithuanians, and Ukrainians lost a great opportunity. Because the three nations were not truly united, the Germans were able to break them all in the Second World War. Furthermore, their disunity gave Russia a chance to fulfil her old dream of uniting all the Ukrainians within the boundaries of the Soviet Republics.

Russia was always the third party interested in the territories inhabited by the Ukrainians. In 1920, after the Poles subjugated Ukrainian ambitions, Russia agreed to the new boundaries of Poland. This, however, could not be a lasting settlement, for the ultimate plan of Moscow was to annex all the Ukrainian territories and to become the only power controlling them. To Russia this seemed essential because it was the only way of making another union of Poles, Lithuanians, and Ukrainians impossible, and of securing for Russia the lands situated on the banks of the river Dnieper. In fulfilment of this same plan the Soviets did not hesitate to cut away the so-called Trans-Carpathian Ukraine from friendly Czechoslovakia. Russia reached her goal, and the Poles, who wanted a large state and who intended to retain within their boundaries the disputed territories, were disappointed. Ukrainians who dreamed of an independent Ukraine, and the Lithuanians who wished to rebuild free Lithuania, were also losers.

Though conditions may change, at present it is futile to try and determine whether Poles, Lithuanians, or Ukrainians should hold the disputed territories. One may state, however, that Russia herself has no right to these territories and that if she proves unable to reach an understanding

with these nations, and if she continues to rule them harshly and to seek to annihilate the Greek-Catholic Church beloved by Western Ukrainians, she will have continuous trouble. Russia, who has named her new territories the Ukrainian and Lithuanian Soviet Republics (although they actually have few of the privileges of autonomous republics), must give them more freedom and a chance to develop; and she must keep them secure from the wars which have constantly devastated their lands. In this way only can she finally attach these nations to the political body which she has formed.

Deploring the loss of Vilno, and still more of Lwow (for centuries the most patriotic of cities and one which made a splendid contribution to the life of the nation), Poles have accepted the present situation, although in many cases reluctantly, and have agreed to the new boundaries. They have done so because the Second World War proved to them that their principal foe was Germany and that against her they must seek support from another great state. One glance at the map shows that their only possible support is Russia and that is why, after centuries of warfare, Poland is trying to get used to the thought of "friendly relations" with that country. This requires the relinquishing of the disputed territories to the Lithuanian or Ukrainian Soviet Republics, and the surrender of the widest Polish patriotism, which embraced Vilno and Lwow. The nation has to change to "the new Polish patriotism" embracing only purely Polish territories. This, sad and difficult though it may be, seems to be the only way of securing peace, of starting on the new road, and the masses in Poland are turning in that direction.

The wishes of the great majority of Poles, of the peasant masses, were ably expressed in the resolution of the Executive Council of the Polish Peasant Party of May 26, 1946, which says:

> The Executive Council consider warmongering and the building of false hopes on a future war as the height of dangerous folly. The Executive consider that the well-being of Poland and of the world rests in a stable peace, based on friendly relations between the three Great Powers, and on the effectiveness of UNO.
> The Executive state that the Polish-Soviet alliance is and must remain the corner-stone of Poland's foreign policy, because, above all, it is this alliance which will safeguard our nation against the threat of a new German aggression.

Poland, after centuries of constant warfare, wants peace. After suffering terribly during the ruthless and cruel German occupation she fears the rebirth of the old German *Drang nach Osten*. She fears it the more in that the same international decision which deprived her of territories in the east, reinstated her old boundary in the west and gave her those territories in the north, reaching as far as the rivers Oder and Neisse, which were held by the Germans for a long time. These territories were Polish; they were the cradle of the nation; but they became the prey of the Germans. They are essential to Poland, and by taking them away from Germany the peace of Europe is secured since they were channels of German

aggression directed eastwards. Poland is determined to keep them. Otherwise the nation may be doomed. The present western boundaries of Poland are just, and since it is only upon justice that a more lasting peace can be based, it is in the interest of humanity to maintain them.

* * *

Reading through Polish history, one notices that Poland has never had a revolution. Even the great reform of May 3, 1791, although of revolutionary character, was brought in without bloodshed. Poles fought with others often, much too often, and they quarrelled among themselves; but even class antagonism did not break into a civil war involving the whole nation.

At present, however, there is a large-scale unrest in Poland; political murders are numerous, whole villages are being burned, people are disappearing, and the number of political prisoners is high. Though no one has as yet given a name to all these occurrences, they clearly resemble a revolution.

We may deplore these realities, we may condemn those who are guilty of brutality and we may hope that it will soon come to an end, but we cannot say that all these things are surprising if we look over the life of the Polish nation in the space of centuries and during the years of independence between 1918 and 1939. In order to put these in their right perspective let us consider the attitude of the upper classes towards the lower.

For a long time, Poland was in reality the land of its nobility, who built it up, ruled it, and fought heroically to defend its boundaries. Their battles were splendidly fought, some of their work left wonderful results, but their rule, though for some time good and wise, later became selfish, and finally brought about Poland's downfall.

The Polish nobility reached its peak of power in 1505 with the constitution *Nihil Novi*, which instituted the so-called *glaebe adscriptio*, in other words, the serfdom of the peasants, and which stubbornly refused to recognize in them equal citizens. That is why a part of the nobles were opposed to the constitution of May 3, 1791, why Kosciuszko's reforms were unpopular among them, why some of the landed gentry were bitter when the secret Polish government, during the uprising in the Russian-occupied part of Poland in 1863, proclaimed freedom for the peasants.

It is wrong to condemn the nobility without qualification; it is equally wrong to glorify them. No doubt they acted like the nobility in other countries and did just as much good as harm. For too long their attitude towards the peasant masses remained purely negative and created only antagonism between themselves and the Polish peasantry. Later, this hostility of the peasants and labourers toward the nobility was extended to include the so-called intelligentsia.

This was important because after the First World War Poland was ruled by a group of intelligentsia which was nothing but the nobility in a

new form. The Polish intellectuals, civil servants, officers, and others, were mainly descendants of those who had lost their lands and estates and had started life in the cities. The few among them who were of peasant and labourer stock played no important role and were looked down upon. It was still the long-forgotten past which held sway. Poland was no longer a medieval kingdom, but she was ruled by a group who tried to bring back some of the old customs and privileges. Devoted to the country, audacious and willing to sacrifice their lives, they also regarded themselves as the *élite* who ought to rule Poland. They were as egotistical and blind in their relations with the workers and peasants as their ancestors had been. This was why between the years 1918 and 1939 Poland did not become a real democracy, and why she was unable to follow the example of Czechoslovakia, who lost her nobility in the battle of White Mountain in the year 1620, but who during the following centuries developed a new leading class which, after the First World War, started to work with new people and modern methods.

One of the proofs of the unhealthy state of affairs in Poland was the steady opposition to the ruling of the country by peasant parties. Their leader, Wincenty Witos, a great democrat and patriot, after years of bitter struggle was thrust aside, sent to a concentration camp, and later banished. He returned, however, in 1939 and worked for the masses during the German occupation.

The Polish nobility or the "intelligentsia" stubbornly refused to be ruled by the *chlopi* (peasants), in spite of the fact that the latter were in the vast majority while they themselves were a small minority. This could not last; the ruling class had outlived itself and a change had become inevitable. Poland is now in process of what may indeed be called a revolution which will bring forth a complete change in the nation's life and character.

Until 1939 Poland, although encircled by unfriendly nations and states, managed to exist. Her rulers chose to shut their eyes to the patent hostility of her neighbours. They believed Poland an invincible power. The catastrophe of September, 1939, was a terrible shock to them, and at the moment of Poland's downfall nearly all those in power deserted her. They fled to Roumania and then to France. The officers together with the soldiers fought heroically and added new laurels to Polish arms, but had to choose between captivity or flight. Some of them managed to cross the boundaries, while many became prisoners of war in various camps. Those of the intelligentsia who remained, together with millions of peasants and labourers, were either deported to Siberia, imprisoned in German concentration camps, or ruthlessly killed. Few survived the systematic German destruction or the hardships of Siberia.

Those who fled to safety in 1939 are now reluctant to return to a less significant status as workers for the nation. Used to the leading role, they criticize bitterly everything that goes on in Poland, making very clear their assumption that whatever has been done by others than themselves must

be wrong. They are conducting a silent propaganda against repatriation, against the present government, and against Mikolajczyk and the Polish Peasant Party which is far from being communistic.

Thus it may be said that between the years 1939 and 1946 Poland lost the remnants of her ancient nobility and a great part of the intelligentsia which had formerly ruled her. As the masses in Poland emphatically do not wish the return of some of those who are abroad, they must bring forth a new leading class; they must produce new leaders. If they succeed we may witness the birth of a new, democratic Poland. Such an opportunity could never be overlooked by the Communists, a small group of Poles, who were well organized and who had the full support of Soviet Russia. It was these Polish Communists who organized, first, the Committee of National Liberation; secondly, the Provisional Government; and, finally, the Government of National Unity. In that last body they and other radicals retained the majority of posts and all key positions.

The Polish masses, who are anti-communistic but who wish wide reforms, would cease criticizing the present government if it provided the promised free elections. It was expected that these elections would have been held some time ago. Unfortunately they were delayed. They have not yet been arranged. The ruling party has proposed one list of candidates which brought forth the objections of other parties anxious to gain control of the government. This has created great unrest. The activities of the group connected with the Polish government in London, which in Poland and abroad conducts a campaign against the government in Warsaw, aggravates these conditions.

It would be of no avail to seek the culprit, the side that introduced unlawful methods. On one hand we have the radicals, guided by a group of Communists, who are often ruthless and use methods the reverse of democratic. On the other hand we have those who, after fleeing from Poland, became clogs upon General Sikorski, often spoiling his wise and noble plans, and now wish, by whatever means, to regain their former power, their estates, and their privileged economic standing. Their tactic is to represent the widespread discontent with the existing situation as a desire for their return.

The golden mean is the goal of the great majority of Poles. They want reforms by evolution, not by revolution. They want radical changes, but changes which are in accordance with the fundamental rules of democracy. This aim is to a certain extent represented by the Polish Peasant Party, led by Stanislas Mikolajczyk. This party has decided to work in Poland, to enter the arena of politics, but to remain in opposition. Both extremes are hostile to it. That is why its members are often victims in the present struggle, and why the party may at times meet harshness with harshness. As a rule, however, the Polish Peasant Party does not approve of violence. It is opposed to civil warfare and calls for the co-operation of all groups in rebuilding the country. Simultaneously, the Polish Peasant Party,

working for a Poland which can enjoy a more lasting peace, stands firmly on the ground that Poland must maintain the best possible relations with Soviet Russia and at the same time must establish and maintain friendly links with the Western Powers. By this policy the party appeals to the masses, who, influenced by tradition, are looking towards the West, while at the same time they realize that a final settlement of the dispute with the East is essential to Poland's welfare. In her thousand-year history, the Polish nation has had but a few periods of peace each lasting twenty or twenty-five years. Almost every Polish generation from the very beginning has taken part in at least two or three wars. Poles realize that this must stop, that mass graves for thousands do not pay for the glory of a few leaders or generals. They realize also that, whether victorious or vanquished, they were always finally the losers; they understand that continuous wars are the reason why Poland has never been able to develop for her people the standard of living enjoyed by other nations.

In justice it must be said that, in spite of political unrest, ruined Poland is trying to better the conditions of life of her masses, that she has achieved much in the economic sphere, and that important and wise decisions have been reached and accepted. The long-delayed land reform which has become an accomplished fact was a just and necessary measure, a godsend for the peasants. The reorganization of industry, similar to that of Czechoslovakia, will help the labourers without obstructing opportunities for its further development. The two most important tasks are the resettling of population, and the rebuilding of the devastated country. With respect to these tasks all Poles are really united. Whether supporters of the government or members of the opposition, they pay the utmost attention to the problems connected with the regained western territories. All parties favoured and helped the campaign for Poland's Reconstruction Loan. The new Poland, richer in natural resources and with a much more developed industry, needs support from abroad, which she is seeking; she does not, however, await it in idleness. Poland is planning, working, and building by her own efforts a road to a better future for her masses.

Naturally, political unrest, whether that attributed to Poland as such, or that which obscures the political horizon of the whole world, hinders these efforts. Poles have been taught a bitter and tragic lesson by bloodshed, tears, destruction, and annihilation. Whatever their opinions and political affiliations may be, they are patriots and their love of Poland should show them all a way out of the present difficulties.

It is rash to predict the future, but it seems only logical that in the long run the Polish peasantry must win. The extremists will not break its stamina; they will not force it to give up its right to rule the country in which it is the majority and for which it has fought and worked for so long a time. There will be some changes. There must be much compromise. The only possible solution seems to demand a compromise between the Polish Peasant Party and the leftists of Poland, while those who refuse

to return, or who instigate trouble from abroad, must be left where they are.

Before the compromise is reached, before a sincere and honest co-operation of the leading parties becomes an established fact, Poland may yet have more to suffer. The present revolution may proceed and may claim further victims. Finally, however, out of the existing chaos must emerge a genuine Polish democracy, a modern and independent state, a country ruled by and for its satisfied peasants and workers, and free at once from reactionary influence and Soviet interference. Such a Poland, after regaining lands on the shores of the Baltic, of the rivers Oder and Neisse, will also embrace only purely Polish territories, will have no disputes with neighbouring nations and may become a basis of a more lasting peace in Central and Eastern Europe.

HERBERT READ: REASON AND ROMANTICISM

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

IT is difficult to believe that Herbert Read's first volume of literary criticism, *Reason and Romanticism*,[1] was published as far back as 1926. Somehow he has managed to keep intact the freshness of perception, the intensity of statement and feeling, and, what is even more important than these, the independence of judgment which we associate with youth. In *Reason and Romanticism*, he analysed the hopeless condition of the modern world, a world in which criticism had reached a crisis of scepticism. Criticism had mastered the difficult virtues of clarity, precision, and truth. Though the critical spirit had brought civilization to a state of unprecedented chaos, there was no sense in repudiating it. For the critical spirit, Read still felt, was the highest function man could perform. If the critical spirit could not satisfy the need to create a new unity, then the task was impossible of achievement. In the light of his later development as a writer and its relation to contemporary English and American criticism, this attitude is extremely significant. It is the confession of a sensitive, courageous mind resolved not to surrender the conquests made by reason. Yet his definition, at that time, of the critical spirit as a spirit not essentially negative, a spirit that could co-exist harmoniously with the creative spirit, left the way open for his adoption later of the psychoanalytic doctrines of Freud, the "irrational" cult of Surrealism, and the Marxist system of aesthetics.

Herbert Read began as a poet and novelist. With him, as with others of his generation, criticism was prompted by the need for self-clarification, for the attainment of a consistent world view. In his hands, criticism became an admirable art. After the First World War, fate had thrust him into a period that was predominantly critical. In an age that was sickly and confused, the critic was compelled to seek some means of intellectual salvation. After rejecting the religious synthesis, Read was led to the tentative conclusion that art would take its place. As for the critic, he is best equipped to undertake his task if he can cultivate a universal mind, which alone is capable of creative thought. *Reason and Romanticism* first made clear Read's belief that the artist begins with a neurotic tendency which he sublimates into art and thus by means of phantasy finds his way back to reality.

English Prose Style[2] begins with the assumption that style, essentially an organic product, cannot be effectively taught. It is an expression of the individuality of a man. It is nourished not by learning but by living. What moulds the style of a writer is the profundity and coherence of his

[1] *Reason and Romanticism* (London, 1926).
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world outlook. As Read declares in *In Retreat, a Journal of the Retreat of the Fifth Army from St. Quentin, March, 1918*,[3] which is neither fiction nor history but a "factual" account of events allowed to record themselves without the intermediation of art: "I have grown to think that whatever is effected by the written word must be effected on the plane of imagination and thought." He is aware, however, that imagination and thought cannot subsist without logical roots in experience. For this bit of stark prose about the First World War is artistic and imaginative in spite of the author's intention. He could not get away from art because he could not possibly get outside of himself.

The Sense of Glory,[4] a collection of critical essays, presents not only a personality but also a point of view. Herbert Read is not a subjective critic of the order of John Middleton Murry who frankly takes the reader into his confidence. He is more detached, but he is far from dispassionate. Behind his discussion of the literary figures of the past—Malory, Sterne, Swift, Froissart—one discerns more than a general pattern of ideas; one catches the accent of an integrated personality, even though the tone is restrained and impersonal.

For Herbert Read cannot be kept within the narrow bounds of rational analysis. Though at home in the world of philosophical discourse—witness his splendid essay on Descartes[5]—he prefers to rely on his sensibility, on that intuitive faculty with its root sunk deep in the soil of the unconscious that he posits as the basis of both creation and critical appreciation. He trusts primarily to his sensibility to penetrate to the heart of a book or a man. He is a romanticist, but a romanticist with a classical love of order. With something like regret he looks back to the heroic age when men lived in direct contact with nature and knew intimately the anguish and ecstasy of the quest for glory—glory that was the crown and consummation of all earthly striving.

An age such as ours, sceptical to the marrow, must try to recapture certain necessary virtues—the sense of glory, for example—that can be found in a robust writer like Malory. Read feels that his age is suffering the pains of transition, that it may be approaching the beginning of a new life. Influenced by Whitehead, he attempts to establish a unity of relationship between mind and matter, a synthesis of empirical and intuitive modes of knowledge. Intuition he identifies with the poetic process, a power of perception which beholds things in their essential nakedness, which suddenly perceives a pattern in life. This conception of intuition is important for an understanding of his aesthetic theory and his critical practice. In his criticism Read applies that dialectical method which he has singled out as the secret of art.

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By utilizing the aid of psychoanalytical theory, Herbert Read, in his book on Wordsworth,[6] offers a challenging thesis. It would be a mistake to say that this is but another clinical exhibit, a search for sources of neurotic fixation. Psychoanalytical deductions are made only on the basis of actual biographical evidence, and the evidence is allowed for the most part to speak for itself. Aside from that, Read, in the course of his analysis, formulates a rounded theory of poetics. Besides portraying the development of Wordsworth's personality on its emotional as well as intellectual side, the book examines him as a type illustrating certain processes common to the poetic mind.

The function of poetry, as of all art, Read insists, is not that of prophecy. Its function is to educate the feelings, to make possible their harmonious flow. Hence he agrees with Matthew Arnold that Wordsworth's philosophy is to be neglected together with his "insincere" ethics and his "prejudiced" political ideas. The poet cannot achieve universality by retiring from his fellow-men, by denying society though at the same time continuing to derive creative sustenance from it. By deliberately isolating himself from society, by denying his instinctive love, by acceding to a conventional marriage, Wordsworth, it seems, killed his creative powers at the source.

In Defence of Shelley and Other Essays[7] represents a further extension of Read's critical ideas. The first essay is a lengthy defence of Shelley against those detractors—Matthew Arnold and particularly T. S. Eliot—who deny his importance as a poet. In seeking to redress the balance, Read is compelled to take up the problem of belief in poetry. He accepts the challenge by maintaining that the best of Shelley's poetry has permanent worth and that the problem of belief in poetry is nothing more than a mare's-nest. He then makes a searching psychological analysis of the poetry of Shelley in order to demonstrate that he could not have written other than he did. Chiefly by understanding the psychology of a poet is one permitted to grasp the inner significance of his work.

What if the poet is a neurotic type? Psychological types, like all human values, are relative. Normality is a quantitative concept. The values established by the majority are not organic values—values which will promote the health and happiness of mankind. By detaching himself from the dominant norms, the poet becomes temporarily neurotic, but he is still able to perceive clearly the limitations of the "normal" man: his lack of spontaneity, his enslavement to routine. The neurotic refuses to make the compromises demanded of him because he wishes to participate in and enjoy the organic wholeness of life. Neurotic tendencies may thus represent a vital urge toward unity of life.

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Though the theory of dialectical materialism appears suddenly in connection with his ontogenetic criticism, Read does not at any time interpret cultural and artistic values in terms of political and sociological components. The life of action and the life of the imagination, he still believes, have nothing in common. The test of poetry is not ideological validity, but an aesthetic response produced by sensations of sound. Even more striking is his defence of obscurity as possessing a positive value. Following Vico, Read puts his faith in a poetic logic, a logic of the creative imagination, as opposed to the logic of reason. The poet, seeking the essential emotion, is forced to invent words, to use metaphors with startling vividness and originality. Aesthetic judgments, to be pure and true, must be based on the sensibilities alone.

> No criticism that is not a criticism of form in its relation to matter has ever advanced any of the arts a single step. The virtue of any art wholly inheres in its appeal to the senses and the "imaginative reason," and all other criteria, whether moral or sociological, are *aesthetically* irrelevant. It is criticism of a wider scope and a different kind that attempts to relate aesthetic values to their social environment—to explain the distortions which these values suffer in the historical circumstances of a particular period, and in the estimation of all succeeding periods. It is sometimes necessary, however, to maintain the autonomy of art, as of philosophy, however abstract and theoretical such an attitude may sometimes seem.

It is obvious, from this quotation alone, that Read at this stage of his development was attracted as well as repelled by the sociological method of criticism. His views, contradictory as they now appear, forecast his conversion to Surrealism and his warm espousal and then repudiation of Marxism.

Herbert Read has achieved a distinguished and altogether deserved reputation as an art critic. From 1922 to 1931 he served as Assistant Keeper at the Victoria and Albert Museum and for two years as Professor of Fine Art at the University of Edinburgh. His first significant work in the field of art criticism was *The Meaning of Art*,[8] which began originally as a series of articles contributed to a literary weekly. It gives a discussion of art and beauty, the classical ideas, form and expression, the psychological reaction experienced when looking at a picture, the formal and structural elements of a work of art. In the volume, *Art Now*,[9] Read serves as the fugleman of the modernist revolution in art.

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the appreciation of the enlightened few, removed from the interests of the practical world. As he has convincingly demonstrated in *Art and Industry*,[10] industrial art is no misnomer but an organic continuation of those aesthetic impulses which lie at the heart of the creative act. In *Art and Industry*, as in his later work, *Art and Society*,[11] he follows the theories of Freud, emphasizing the importance of the intuitive element in art, even in the useful arts. Hostility to industrial art, he maintains, is grounded in a fallacy that is bound to have unfortunate consequences. Design must be recognized as a function of the abstract artist. The factory must adapt itself to the artist. Only in this way will art be widely recognized as a biological necessity.

In one sense, nearly all Read's work may be considered an ideological preparation for his conversion to Surrealism and later to anarchism.[12] His theory of intuition, his faith in psychoanalysis, his belief that art may be irrational and often insusceptible of explanation, his defence of romanticism and of the obscure and unintelligible in poetry, his interest in primitive art, these mark the stages of his progress toward the Surrealist synthesis. In the book, *Surrealism*,[13] which he edited, he gives a vigorous account of the movement, which is described as a vindication of the Hegelian dialectic brought up to date. Read succeeds in erecting an aesthetic structure which is an incongruous blend of Freudian and Marxist elements.

The appeal of Surrealism is based on the assumption that the unconscious is the primal fountain of inspiration, that it supplies a universal language of symbols. Surrealism holds that art cannot be consciously induced—a notion that Read had subscribed to from the very beginning of his critical career. Espousing the romantic Freudian psychology, Read argues that we cannot ignore our instincts. He asks, What has reason availed us? What has our boasted civilization with all its mechanical progress produced but mass poverty, war, and industrial slavery? It is the conscious mind which has betrayed us, and we must seek health and wholeness by returning to the aboriginal, instinctive self. To all this Read adds a Marxian gloss. Official morality, he charges, is dictated by the class interests of those in power. Against this oppressive morality the poets and artists constantly revolt. Surrealism is therefore committed to a revolutionary program in politics. Read never succeeded in his attempt to fashion an aesthetic theory which would fuse psychoanalysis with Marxism, Surrealism with revolution.

His critical ideas are a mass of contradictions, but this does not disturb him in the least. These contradictions, he declares, are part and parcel of his personality, and he cannot disown them without doing violence to his

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personal integrity. From the very start, he had been a confirmed romanticist.

> I have always had an instinctive preference for those poets and painters who have exceeded the limits of convention, which are the limits of moral experience; and in the history of criticism my interest quickens from the moment that romanticism begins to acquire a rational and scientific basis in psychology and philosophy: the line of development from Vico to Freud. That in the present desperate circumstances, when at any moment every poet and artist may be called upon to find his position in the *line*, that at such a time I should in spite of all my past pontifical detachment declare for Surrealism—that, I assert, should be regarded as merely an affirmation of all that is most real and active in my work.

In *Art and Society*, we can see to what extent Read has abandoned or revised his old critical beliefs. The essential nature of art he now defines dialectically as a synthesis of opposites, a representation of the totality of experience, the perception by the artist of some phase of universal truth. Yet he still feels that art as an intuitive activity cannot be confounded with reason or morality or political dogma. Though influenced by the material conditions of existence, art is autonomous, contributing its own share independently to the process of cultural integration. Art is not a by-product of social development; on the contrary, it is a force that plays an important part in the formation of the social whole. It is an eternal mode of human expression.

Read, even at this time, was no orthodox Marxist. Up to a certain point, the artist must feed upon the material provided by his environment, but after that point is reached he must function individually. He must explore the subliminal self, the self that is more inclusive and universal than the conscious ego. Though Read recognizes the validity of expression as social protest, he points out that it is limited in scope and power since it is confined to conscious areas of experience. Propagandistic art breaks up the human personality and disintegrates the totality of experience, eliminating those elements of the unconscious which Surrealism seeks to reveal. Surrealism tries to establish an organic connection between art and society, but Read fails to make clear how this connection actually functions in the work of art. All he can do is to reiterate his general faith that art cannot be considered apart from the whole process of social development and that the artist must take part in the revolutionary struggle. To declare forthrightly that the artist must take the one path which leads to the dictatorship is to deal in categorical political imperatives which have a tangential relation, if any, to criticism proper. It is no cause for surprise that a critic like Read later divorced himself sharply from Marxism and declared himself a philosophical anarchist.

An influential critic, Herbert Read has contributed a number of brilliant books and a body of contradictory aesthetic theories which can now be assessed in relation to their age. To what degree are these theories valid? Is his critical practice sound? He is without question a gifted writer and a

stimulating critic. To the individual work of art he reacts with sensitive insight and discriminating sympathy. But in support of his critical judgments he formulated an aesthetic philosophy which has passed, as we have seen, through a series of extraordinary metamorphoses. These changes have been conditioned by his romantic personality, dissatisfied with established norms, conventional ideas, and rational procedures. His critical temper, however, does not let him traffic in transcendental mysticism. His intellectual integrity is too great to allow him to surrender completely to such temperamental perversities. His intuitions rule him in the act of judgment, but he later tests his ideas by the canons of scientific probability. Hence he has laboured—contradictory as this may appear—to construct a scientific foundation for his theory of intuition and his Surrealist faith in the creative unconscious.

We thus witness the paradoxical spectacle of a critic employing psychological analysis to destroy the despotism of reason and to exalt the power of the unconscious. A faithful, uncensored expression of experience, he has contended, will inevitably include much that is neither rational nor intelligible. For the totality of the universe of experience is not amenable to logical analysis; it extends infinitely beyond the circumscribed horizon of consciousness.

Herbert Read thus plays the role of an eloquent prophet of the cult of irrationality, the cult of the unconscious. For this unflinching adherence to the inscrutable dictates of the unconscious with its private dream life, its curious phantasies and mysterious symbols, represents a despairing abdication of Western culture, a triumph of the anti-noetic principle. The Surrealist synthesis does not save us from intellectual anarchy; it only deepens the confusion by enthroning chaos as king. If reason has thus far failed us, if civilization is vicious and corrupt, shall we make reason the arch-villain of the drama? The abuse of the critical faculty, which Read once praised so highly, does not mean that we must discard it.

Despite his references to Vico and Freud, the "scientific" criticism Read pretends to employ is not scientific. He attacks rationalism; his theories are fundamentally romantic rationalizations of his needs and subjective preferences. He has not eliminated their inner contradictions. It is certainly not convincing to be told that his beliefs are in harmony with his particular personality. That, obviously, is the rationale of the impressionist. A critic is surely more than a personality. And Read's stress on universality in literature would indicate that he is not—in theory at least—an impressionistic critic. Nor is his support of political Marxism consistent with his exaltation of Surrealist irrationality and his conception of the artist as a neurotic personality.

Herbert Read's career provides a vivid symbol of his troubled generation. Like Wyndham Lewis he fought in the First World War, and that experience proved of crucial importance in his intellectual development.

It revealed the hollowness of the culture he had been taught to revere. It convinced him that his faith in reason and in progress, in sweetness and light, was misplaced. It forced him, together with many other wounded spirits, to seek for some new orientation. He needed a faith more satisfying than the stay of reason. There were those, of course, who solved their problem by embracing some religious discipline, by submerging their anarchic individuality in the Roman Catholic Church or, like Aldous Huxley, in eclectic, other-worldly mysticism. There were others, however, whose minds were inherently too sceptical to accept such a solution. The faith they adopted had first to satisfy the test of the critical intelligence. This explains in part the elaborate rational defence of the irrational to be found in the Surrealist "system" of aesthetics. From a belief in intuition as the essence of the creative act, Herbert Read proceeded to develop an aesthetic that welcomed the imp of the irrational. Sanction for such a creed was supplied by the hypothesis of the unconscious.

Read's psychological method of criticism is therefore more than a method; it is a sweeping attack on the entrenched values of twentieth-century civilization. It condemns classicism, it rejects the use of reason, it dispenses with intelligibility as a criterion of value in art, it hails the unconscious as the true creative principle, it assails capitalism and calls for a new collectivistic society which will usher in the reign of justice and liberty and love, it frankly presents the artist as one who is neurotic, and it winds up by glorifying the philosophy of anarchism.

This aesthetic, when viewed as a whole, is of confusion all compact. This is romantic criticism at its worst. Especially suspect is Read's rationalization of Surrealistic principles. His attempt at reconciling Marxism with Surrealism was doomed from the start. One cannot in all consistency be a Marxist and Surrealist at the same time. They are mutually contradictory, though this constitutes no obstacle in the eyes of a true Surrealist. A Marxist does not surrender to his phantasies; he does not distort the character of reality by fleeing to the depths of the unconscious for inspiration and guidance. For the Marxist, art must possess social significance, and it cannot have that significance when it is merely the distillation of unconscious phantasies.

Read's confrontation of these problems makes at least one thing clear: literature is at present far from being a purely literary concern. It is a battle of contending values. Though Read has insisted that art preaches no message, he has been compelled to come to terms with the decisive issues of his day. His critical theories are of questionable value. His books, however, can be read for their own sake as the expression of a creatively gifted and attractive personality.

THE AUSTRALIAN POCKET LIBRARY

BRUCE SUTHERLAND

THE widespread indifference to the fate of Australian books has long been a matter of annoyance to all who are interested in the welfare of Australian letters. The matter has been discussed in anger and in sorrow by the interested few the world over. These voices in the wilderness formed a chorus which kept the subject alive but offered no acceptable solution. With the war came a crystallization of the problem and, under the most adverse conditions, a solution was found that augurs well for the future of Australian classics.

At a time when thousands of men and women in uniform were creating a demand for anything in print, Australian book stocks were even more depleted than usual, and war-time paper shortages made it impossible to correct the situation. An opportunity was lost, for thousands of book-minded Americans never did see the inside of an Australian book, but on one of the horns of this dilemma the Australian Pocket Library was born.

The Commonwealth Literary Fund, since 1908 an active force in furthering the cause of Australian culture, aided by an annual government grant of about $15,000, agreed to underwrite the reprinting of standard, out-of-print books, in cheap editions, in order to alleviate the book famine. Arrangements were made with publishers, an Advisory Board selected twenty-three initial titles, and in 1944 the first of the reprints began to appear.* It was an experiment embarked upon cautiously for though cheap, paper-back reprints had long been successful in countries with large populations and organized sales agencies, no such thing had ever before been attempted in Australia. Imagine the surprise of the sceptics when the first of these unprepossessing paper-backs ran through editions of 25,000, at prices ranging from 1*s*/3*d* to 2*s*/, with as much ease as a Penguin—this in a country of a little over seven million people.

There is still some scepticism, and the Sydney *Bulletin's* plaint that "one does not establish a library of classics in paper-back format" has some validity, but a great stride forward has been made, for many Australians have become aware of their own literature for the first time in their lives. Should other peoples come to know, and approve, the Pocket Library, the demand for more permanent editions will follow naturally. Meanwhile, this amazing war baby has outgrown its swaddling clothes, and an additional thirty titles may very shortly follow the original twenty-three.

It is always easy to quarrel with a selected list of books and to damn it, if for no other reason than its glaring omissions. Not all the books one

*Although the Pocket Library is subsidized by the Australian government, the individual volumes were printed and published by those publishers who held the copyrights. The most convenient method of obtaining any or all of the volumes is through the agency of Angus and Robertson, Ltd., 89 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

would like to see are in the Australian Pocket Library. The current list is top-heavy with the work of living authors, and some of the choices are open to question, but taken all in all a good beginning has been made. Besides fiction, poetry, and essays, there are readable studies in the fields of history, science, description, travel, and adventure—all designed to give a more intimate picture of Australia to Australians as well as to their friends in other parts of the world. Readability and popular appeal have rightly helped to govern the choice of books and the result provides a satisfactory introduction to Australian life and letters. A more definitive selection can come only with the passage of time when interest in the subject has expanded both at home and abroad.

The three poets represented in the Pocket Library series do not challenge a place for themselves among the great in English literature. They are not even the greatest among the poets of Australia. They are, however, the recorders of a tradition that is distinctively Australian, a part of the pioneering vanguard that must precede an age of song. Balladists, for the most part, with little true lyric quality in their work, their appeal lies in their simplicity, their sentiment, and their indigenousness. A. B. (Banjo) Paterson, the best loved of all Australian poets, was the bush balladist who, in *The Man from Snowy River* (1895), achieved a world audience. Ballads from this volume, set to music, have been widely popular and Paterson has the added distinction of being the author of the unofficial national anthem, "Waltzing Matilda." Like Paterson, C. J. Dennis published one volume which was read throughout the English-speaking world. *Songs of a Sentimental Bloke* (1915), with its gentle satire, its humour, and its sentiment, made this world laugh during the First World War. Written in an Australian cockney argot, the sentimentality of the Bloke for his Doreen is movingly and convincingly expressed. A more sophisticated generation might baulk at the argot, scoff at the sentiment, and disparage the poetry—but the humour lives on. The poetry of Henry Lawson, who began as a *Bulletin* poet, might have been dismissed as ephemeral newspaper verse and forgotten, had it not been for the fact that it often caught and recorded the achievements of those pioneers who symbolize the building of Australia. *Winnowed Verses* (1924), published after the poet's death, provides a selection from his poems on which he may be judged fairly. Most are ballads, but there is a prophetic note which occasionally rises on a wave of patriotic fervour to confirm Australia's belief in herself.

> From grander clouds in our peaceful skies than ever were there before
> I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the lurid clouds of war.
> . . . . . .
> And southern Nation and southern State, aroused from their dream of ease,
> Must sign in the Book of Eternal Fate their stormy histories.

Lawson's sketches and stories have had a larger public and have, in general, been more highly esteemed than his poetry. This is as it should be, for as a short-story writer he is unexcelled by any of his compatriots and on merit alone his fiction deserves a far greater audience than it has ever known. His was a wandering and restless life unleavened by any aura of romance, and in his sketches of the loneliness and hardship and frustration of swagmen and outback pioneers he has achieved an objective point of view that might be called many things, but is in reality purely Australian. Lawson is no primitive writing about primitives. He is a sensitive observer of the realities of life who records what he sees with humour and sympathy and humanism. *On the Track and over the Sliprails* (1900) contains many of his best sketches, or vignettes, of life as it was lived in Victoria and New South Wales in the seventies and eighties.

There have been many good Australian short-story writers. The annual volume, *From Coast to Coast*, offers ample proof of this. But aside from Lawson, the work of only one other short-story writer has been included in the Pocket Library. Gavin Casey, at present Director of the Australian News and Information Bureau in New York, has enjoyed great popularity in Australia, and his volume *It's Harder for Girls* (1942) was chosen as being representative of the best that is being done by younger writers. Casey, like so many Australian authors, was a *Bulletin* find and most of his work appeared initially in that paper. His stories, laid in mining communities of Western Australia, give a realistic glimpse into the lives of unpretentious people which is both entertaining and enlightening, but the richness of Lawson's "humanity to man" is lacking.

A large number of Australian novels richly deserve to be reprinted. So far only nine have appeared in the Pocket Library and all of these are products of the present century. The absence of some earlier novels is to be regretted as is the omission of some of the better known writers of the past few decades, but in spite of this the collection is a good one. The list is headed by one of the few genuine Australian classics, Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's *The Little Black Princess* (1905). Mrs. Gunn went as a bride to the Katherine River district of the Northern Territory, in the remote vicinity of Port Darwin. There she lived on a cattle station managed by her husband. After his early death she returned to Melbourne where she wrote her "narratives of incidents and experiences in real life during a brief residence in the Northern Territory." Bett-Bett, the little black princess, was an eight-year-old native child who lived with the station household for a year before she returned to her own people and her wonderful, lonely Palace of the Never Never. From her observations of this unusual child, Mrs. Gunn was able to compile one of the most human and lovable accounts of child life ever written, and it forms, with its companion piece, a classic of a land "waiting in its loneliness for the generations to come."

The chief interest of Vance Palmer's *The Passage* (1930) and Katherine Prichard's *Haxby's Circus* (1930) lies in the fact that they are novels written by skilful professionals. Dozens of similar novels are produced throughout the world every year, to be read and occasionally re-read. They are not included here because they are classics but because they are good examples of what the professional Australian writer can do. The first is a story of family life in a fishing village of eastern Queensland which contains little that is new except the unfamiliar background. The second describes the trials and tribulations of a small family circus in its peregrinations through Victoria and New South Wales. There is good characterization and detailed description in each, but neither is original in conception or treatment. On the other hand, *Man Shy* (1931) by Frank Davison, which at first glance does not seem to have the solidity of the other two, grows upon closer contact. There is something invigorating and bracing in this story of an outlaw red heifer from the ranges of Queensland that clears the air and stimulates the mind, because here a cow's-eye view of life and liberty helps to epitomize the whole human struggle for individuality and freedom. Freshness, originality, and sincerity are good medicine for the jaded spirit and all are present in this remarkable story.

Old Blastus of Bandicoot (1931) is Miles Franklin's contribution to the series. Miss Franklin, known not only for her own work but also for her championing of Joseph Furphy and all that is Australian in native literature, was born on a station and reared in the country about which she writes. This is not her greatest novel, but it is a representative one. Treated subjectively, it tells of an irascible, stubborn old "first settler," his cowed family, his feuds, his bushcraft, and his pride in the station which he has developed. Other characters emerge and much is to be seen of both station life and human nature. Miss Franklin's own forcefulness and strength of character, quite apparent in the novel, add to its vigour.

The record of the A.I.F. has been distinguished in both wars but comparatively little war fiction has grown out of it. The best to emerge from the First World War was late in coming. *Flesh in Armour* (1932), by Leonard Mann, reveals the experiences of a platoon during one critical year of the war in France. It has been called a description of "the destruction of the individual, the disintegration of the battalion, but the triumph of the army." The book is not a finished novel but in parts it surpasses many a more famous work, and as a very real account of the reactions of soldiers who are among the best troops that the world has produced it is a valuable addition to the literature of war. *Buffaloes* (1934), another outgrowth of the war, is a description of the fulfilment of post-war plans made at Gallipoli and on the battlefields of France. Of four wartime mates, three survived the war, two embarked on the grand adventure, and one, the author, lived it through to the end. This is a true account of a buffalo hunting expedition into the wilds of the Northern Territory in

1920, which reads like fiction. It is fascinating for its high adventure and episodes of very real danger among wild animals and equally untamed aborigines. Warburton, no *littérateur*, had the helpful collaboration of W. K. Robertson, but in spite of this the book is essentially his own.

Kylie Tennant's *Tiburon* (1935) was a happy choice. This remarkable first novel by an exceptional young woman—she was twenty-three when it was published—gives a realistic picture of small-town life in New South Wales during the Depression. It shows the workings, and the shortcomings, of Australian democracy as it muddles through with problems of unemployment and the dole, problems complicated by the vagaries of human nature in a democratic society. *The Glass House* (1936), by M. Barnard Eldershaw (the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw) is a psychological study of a miscellaneous group of people gathered together on a Norwegian cargo ship outbound from Antwerp for Australian ports, *via* the Cape of Good Hope. The characters, not nearly as interesting as the Canterbury pilgrims, are nevertheless skilfully analysed and their stories are related with professional verve.

The essay as a literary form has lost some of its popular appeal although essays galore appear in the newspapers and magazines. It is therefore not surprising that Australia has produced few noteworthy essayists. In Walter Murdoch, however, Australians have their own Stephen Leacock. Murdoch, Professor of English first at Melbourne and then at the University of Western Australia, has been a regular contributor to Australian papers and magazines. A philosopher *cum* humorist *cum* familiar essayist, his *Selections from Walter Murdoch*, chosen by himself especially for the Pocket Library with the expressed hope "that what was fun to write may be, in a less degree, of course, fun to read," are indeed fun to read.

Historians W. K. Hancock and G. Arnold Wood have made valuable contributions to Australian scholarship. Professor Hancock's *Australia* (1930) is the best one-volume history yet produced by a competent scholar, while Professor Wood's *The Voyage of the Endeavour* (1926) is an extraordinarily readable account of early exploration in the vicinity of Australia and New Zealand which gives also an intimate account of Captain Cook's voyage of discovery. It is more than a narrative of dry historic events for Wood succeeds in making the reader a companion on the voyage. C. E. W. Bean's *On the Wool Track* (1910) is not scientific history, but it is a social record of the most valuable nature. Bean, a newspaper man assigned to write articles on the wool industry, became so interested in his subject that he covered it from sheep to topcoats. His chief interest, however, was in the men behind the industry, and this, their story, forms an integral part of the story of Australia. *Dig* (1937), by Frank Clune, which retells with meticulous detail the story of the abortive Burke-Wills expedition from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria in 1860-1, is also history, although this grossly mismanaged expedition accomplished little of real value. Clune's chief interest is in Burke, the leader, whom he presents rather

sympathetically. However, one is inclined to agree with young Mosey in *Such is Life* when he remarks: "Wills was a pore harmless weed, so he kin pass; but look 'ere—there ain't a drover, nor yet a bullock driver, nor yet a stock-keeper, from 'ere to 'ell that couldn't 'a' bossed that expegition straight through to the Gulf, an' back agen, an' never turned a hair—with such a season as Burke had. Don't sicken a man with your Burke. He burked that expegition, right enough."

Because Australia is one of the oldest portions of the earth's surface geologically, scientists have long been interested in its animal and plant life, its birds and insects, its geography and its aborigines. Few laymen, even among native Australians, are aware of the miracle of some of these scientific wonders. Keith McKeown, an entomologist, in his *Insect Wonders of Australia* (1935) has written a popular book on the life-stories of Australian insects, while H. H. Finlayson, Honorary Curator of Mammals at the South Australian Museum, in *The Red Centre* (1935), has made the so-called "desert," which he names the Luritja Country, come alive with its unspeakable beauty and grandeur, its unusual wild life, and its geological wonders. E. J. Banfield, no scientist, has written one of the classics on Australian natural history. Forced by poor health to leave the cities, he settled on Dunk Island off the north-east coast of Queensland where, with his wife, he lived in close touch with nature. *The Confessions of a Beachcomber* (1908) consists of a series of descriptive sketches of tropical scenery, plant and animal life, aborigines, birds, insects, flowers, and coral reefs, interspersed with imaginative stories and so cleverly written that it seems to provide an escape from artificiality to reality.

Call to the Winds (1939) by P. G. Taylor is an adventure in aviation pioneering. It tells in thrilling detail of the last flight of the "Southern Cross" and of the author's further adventures as a barnstormer, "flying with a Gull for amusement, hire and reward." Like many such books its value is purely ephemeral but it makes exciting reading.

These are the first twenty-three books of the Australian Pocket Library. If the ones to follow are as good the experiment will have proved itself. The hope and the expectation is that some of them will be even better, when the exigencies of the emergency which gave birth to the idea have been followed by a period of calm and prosperity conducive to the clearest judgment.

FLAUBERT AND HIS VICTORIAN CRITICS

DESMOND PACEY

NO French novelist of the nineteenth century, with the possible exception of Balzac, exercised a more important and pervasive influence upon the development of the English novel than did Gustave Flaubert. George Moore, George Gissing, Henry James, R. L. Stevenson, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham—all these, together with many minor figures, were inspired by Flaubert's ideals of patient observation, stylistic precision and rhythm, and impassive objectivity. For all this, Flaubert had to wait long for any sort of recognition from the English public and critics; and when such recognition came it was strongly mingled with resentment and abuse. It was not until the middle of the last decade of the century that admiration for his achievements attained any degree of unanimity. In this article I propose to review the course of his English reception up to the close of the Victorian period.

Madame Bovary appeared in France in 1859; but it was not translated into English until 1886.[1] The same year saw two rival translations of *Salammbô*.[2] After a gap of nine years, *La Tentation de St. Antoine*, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, and *L'Education sentimentale* appeared in quick succession.[3] These dates are significant. They indicate that it was not until almost thirty years after Flaubert's achievement of fame in France that English interest in his work was keen enough to warrant the translation of even his greatest novel, but that by the middle of the nineties this interest had grown to such an extent that as difficult and superficially dull a book as *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, could find an English publisher.

These conclusions receive confirmation from an analysis of the interest in Flaubert and his work displayed in contemporary English periodicals. It was not until 1878 that the first article concerned specifically with Flaubert appeared. There were only five such articles in the whole of the following decade, but the same number in the three years 1893-5. More significant than the mere number of articles specifically concerned with Flaubert is the number of references to his work in articles devoted to the study of wider topics. When a writer is constantly called on to illustrate a point, to represent a certain tendency or certain ideals, it is evident that he is quite generally known and that he has achieved definite status. If there were any such references to Flaubert in the seventies, they were few

[1] *Madame Bovary*, tr. by E. Marx-Aveling (London, Vizetelly, 1886).

[2] *Salammbô*, tr. by M. French Sheldon (London, Saxon & Co., 1886); *Salammbô*, tr. by J. S. Chartes (London, Vizetelly, 1886).

[3] *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, with an introduction by D. F. Hannigan (London, H. S. Nichols, 1895); *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, with an introduction by D. F. Hannigan (London, H. S. Nichols, 1896); *A Sentimental Education*, with an introduction by D. F. Hannigan (London, H. S. Nichols, 1898).

and obscure; after careful search I can point to none. In the eighties there were occasional references to him, their number increasing as the decade progressed. In the nineties, however, Flaubert was referred to constantly; his name appeared in practically every issue of all the leading periodicals; no discussion of the art of fiction—and there were many such discussions in this decade—was complete without an examination of Flaubert's ideals and methods.

His reputation was, of course, involved in a wider movement—the controversy over realism and naturalism, which raged in England from the middle of the nineteenth century to its close, but which attained particular intensity in the period 1885-95. In the nineties the balance of critical opinion swung towards realism; as a consequence, Flaubert's reputation was enhanced. In this article, however, attention will be centred upon the individual reputation of Flaubert. To handle the wider controversy satisfactorily would require larger scope than a single article; and in any case a preliminary investigation of the controversy has already appeared,[4] as have monographs on the Victorian reputations of Balzac[5] and Zola.[6]

The main issue which arose in Victorian criticism of Flaubert was whether or not his artistry, which almost all critics agreed in praising, was sufficiently valuable to offset the alleged loathsomeness of his material. Closely allied to this was the question of the morality of his work. Some critics maintained that Flaubert was deliberately immoral, others that in painting the full horrors of vice he was attempting to warn his readers against immoral conduct, a few that morality was no part of his concern. Controversy raged also over his search for complete objectivity in the presentation of his material. There were those who found this the most repellent aspect of his fiction, robbing it of what they asserted to be an essential ingredient of all great art, namely sympathy. There were others who declared that whatever might be the advantages of such a method it was in the nature of things impossible of attainment, and that Flaubert's art was suffused with his own personality, as all art must be. Finally, there were some critics, and these it was whose ideas prevailed in the nineties, who considered this objectivity his greatest contribution to the art of the novel and the mark of his superiority over such "inartistic" English novelists as Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot. The fourth and last focus of the controversy was the question of Flaubert's alleged pessimism. By some this was regarded as one manifestation of a diseased and corrupt French civilization, by others as the reflection of Flaubert's own nervous malady, and by still others as a healthy devotion to truth.

[4]W. C. Frierson, "The English Controversy over Realism in Fiction, 1885-95" (*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XLIII, June, 1928, 533-50).

[5]C. R. Decker, "Balzac's Literary Reputation in Victorian Society" (*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XLVII, Dec., 1932, 1150-7).

[6]C. R. Decker, "Zola's Literary Reputation in England" (*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XLIX, Dec., 1934, 1140 ff.).

The first article to appear on Flaubert, in 1878, was by George Saintsbury.[7] It was one of the best ever to appear, and raised most of the above issues. Saintsbury admitted that Flaubert's material was occasionally unnecessarily loathsome, to his taste, but was enthusiastic in praise of the artistry of the novels. "One thing that distinguishes M. Flaubert in these days of easy writing," he wrote, "is his determined and conscientious patience of workmanship." Saintsbury refused to entertain the charge that *Madame Bovary* was an immoral book, holding rather that Flaubert had deliberately exaggerated the horrors of Emma's death in order to point a moral. This he deplored, perhaps ironically, as a "lapse into the heresy of instruction on the part of a faithful servant of art." To the novel as a whole he paid this tribute: "It is all told with the material accuracy of a photograph and the artistic accuracy of a great picture." But he was less appreciative of *Salammbô*. He found its "indulgence in repulsive detail" painful; and he described it as "an esoteric book requiring initiation, training, preliminary ceremonies and efforts." For *L'Education sentimentale* he expressed a high regard, praising particularly the precision and beauty of its style and the compelling power of its characterization. Ascribing its unpopularity to its apathetic close, Saintsbury seized the opportunity to gibe at the type of reader who expects a *dénouement* of some sort, however improbable.

Perhaps the most valuable section of this article by Saintsbury is that in which he discussed the term "realism," which was rapidly gaining currency at this time, and Flaubert's relation to it. Deploring the imprecise use made of the term in contemporary English criticism, Saintsbury offered this as its definition: "the faithful patience and the sense of artistic capacity which lead a man to grapple boldly with his subject, whatever that subject may be, and to refuse *tanquam scopulum* easy generalities and accepted phrase." If this definition be accepted, he continued, then Flaubert is a realist. But the term has been generally used in English criticism to connote the deliberate choice of unpleasant subjects, and in that sense "there is no reason whatever for affixing the epithet to M. Flaubert." "His subjects are often unpleasant enough, but I cannot see that there is the faintest evidence of their having been chosen for their unpleasantness." Saintsbury concluded his discussion with this tribute: "The ordinary novel is a compromise and a convention. Of compromises and conventions M. Flaubert knows nothing."

This appreciative attitude towards Flaubert did not long go unchallenged. Saintsbury's assertion that Flaubert did not deliberately choose the unpleasant was denied by a critic in the *Athenaeum* in 1882.[8] This critic declared Flaubert to be the ancestor of the whole naturalistic

[7] "Gustave Flaubert" (*Fortnightly Review*, XXIX, 1878, 575 ff.).

[8] *Athenaeum*, II, 1882, 874. I omit consideration of an article on "Recent French Novels" (*New Monthly Magazine*, CLXII, 1878, 307 ff.), which briefly mentioned *Trois Contes* but made no attempt at evaluation beyond calling the stories "interesting."

movement in fiction, and accused him and his followers of ascribing a monopoly of interest "to everything loathsome, diseased, and base." Saintsbury had frankly admitted that unpleasantness would probably predominate in the absolutely faithful record of any life. This the critic denied, asserting that in the cheerlessness of their productions Flaubert and his school deliberately falsified Nature, who "offers an unceasing contrast between beauty and ugliness."

The same accusation was made at greater length and in even stronger terms by Hugh Egerton in 1883.[9] Rather than naturalism or realism, Egerton used the phrase "scientific novel" to describe Flaubert's creation. The only sense in which a novel should be scientific, he declared, is that it should give a faithful picture of the manners of its age. In this sense, Jane Austen and George Eliot were scientific novelists; Flaubert and his followers, he declared, did not give a faithful picture at all, but rather a deliberate falsification in the direction of bestiality, loathsomeness, and filth. In particular, they falsified human nature: "What manner of men should we appear were the only testimony available the works of Flaubert and his imitators?" But Egerton made a distinction between Flaubert and the rest of the naturalistic school in assigning the motives for this falsification. In the case of writers such as Zola, this unduly horrible presentation of human nature and conduct was the outcome of a deliberate theory: that man is essentially a beast and the mission of art is to unmask him. Flaubert, on the other hand, "did not trouble himself with theories, but wrote melancholy books because he wrote under the influence of disease."

Egerton found much else in Flaubert to criticize unfavourably. It was he who first attacked Flaubert's doctrine of objectivity, on the ground that it robbed the novel of sympathy: "Another sense in which the term 'scientific novel' may be employed is, that the novelist should stand upon a platform of philosophical indifference, above the foibles and weaknesses of his own creations: in other words, that the novel should be devoid of sympathy. But sympathy is to works of art what charity is to the Christian character—the crowning grace, without which all else is nothing." He also condemned Flaubert's addiction to psychological analysis in fiction, declaring "man is by nature a social animal, and continuous introspection is as morbid in a book as in real life." In spite of all this, Egerton found real merit in one of Flaubert's novels—*Madame Bovary*—but considered that its indelicacy would prevent it from taking rank among the classics of French literature. "There are descriptions in *Madame Bovary* which offend against that noble reserve which is the attitude of all genuine art."

A very similar attitude was put forward by Garnet Smith in 1888.[10] Smith fully approved of Flaubert's concern with form rather than with

[9] "The Scientific Novel and Gustave Flaubert" (*National Review*, I, 1883, 894 ff.).
[10] "Flaubert" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, CCLXV, 1888, 120 ff.).

content and of his conviction that the world was made for art, not art for the world, but he joined Egerton in asserting that the artist in Flaubert was killed by misanthropy, and that this misanthropy was the result of the nervous disease from which he suffered. He too held *Madame Bovary* to be Flaubert's only great achievement, and this by virtue of its consummate artistry and despite its material. Though he professed to accept Flaubert's theory of the impersonality and objectivity of great art, Smith echoed Egerton's view that his novels were deficient in sympathy: "It is this neglect of sympathy and charity which makes the French realists appear so poor in comparison with their English brethren, and even with the pessimistic Russian novelists."

Meanwhile, two more favourable estimates of Flaubert had appeared. In 1885, W. S. Lilly, in perhaps the bitterest attack on naturalism ever to appear,[11] specifically excluded Flaubert from his condemnation, holding that "he was not a realist, but a poet." In the next year N. H. Kennard,[12] though sharing the view of Egerton and Smith that Flaubert's novels were unnaturally gloomy and that this was attributable to his poor health, insisted that much of the alleged loathsomeness was the outcome of a praiseworthy frankness. He paid eloquent tribute to Flaubert's formal mastery and impeccable style, and of the much-discussed problem of the morality of *Madame Bovary* he wrote: "Flaubert had no intention of 'showing the results of bad conduct'. . . . 'Art for Art' was his maxim; but like all true artists he was forced, in spite of himself, into preaching a moral." The bulk of the article was taken up with a consideration of the correspondence between Flaubert and George Sand, with particular reference to their respective views on the nature and function of art. Kennard's understanding of the ideals and achievements of the French novelists of the nineteenth century is clear from this passage: "It is to France we must look for the highest development of the modern novel. The French intellect is analytic, quick to seize the phantasies and fashions of the hour and give them expression and shape, sensitive to the ridiculous and to the weaker side of human nature, and gifted with an artistic appreciation of form and proportion. . . . No reticence hinders, no moral consideration prevents, the French writer of fiction from touching on any and every subject."

The last article on Flaubert in this decade appeared anonymously in 1889.[13] Entirely favourable, it was somewhat superficial. It recommended anyone wishing to make the acquaintance of Flaubert to read first his letters to George Sand, from which he would learn that "Flaubert was far indeed from being a cynic or a mere coiner of phrases; and if he knows anything of the French language, that Flaubert was among the writers who have been true and consummate masters of it."

[11] "The New Naturalism" (*Fortnightly Review*, XLIV, 1885, 240 ff.).
[12] "Gustave Flaubert and George Sand" (*Nineteenth Century*, XX, 1886, 693 ff.).
[13] "Flaubert and his Work" (*Saturday Review*, LXVIII, 1889, 378 ff.).

Flaubert's reception in the eighties, then, was a mixed one.[14] On the whole, the critical verdict was in his favour, principally by virtue of his structural and stylistic powers. There were few who could approve of his objectivity or accept his estimate of human nature as entirely truthful. But the criticisms of his work were, almost without exception, characterized by moderation and restraint, and evidenced a desire to be scrupulously fair. This is a fact which sharply differentiated them from the angry English criticisms of Zola in the same period. In the nineties, however, something of this violence and blind prejudice found its way into considerations of Flaubert. The controversy over realism was then in full flood, and it raged with fury about the work of all those to whom the label could be applied. But if Flaubert's hostile critics were more bitter in their denunciations, his admirers came more wholeheartedly to his defence; and when the clamour of the controversy died, he was firmly established as a classic.

The more violent tone of the new decade was struck in its early months by the *Quarterly Review*. Two articles on French fiction appeared in that periodical in 1890.[15] The first, entitled "The Modern French Novel," was intended "to inquire into the essential qualities of French novel-writing since the Restoration." All French novelists since that event are declared to have been corrupt and corrupting, indicative of the corruption of French civilization itself. The history of French fiction in the period has been one of continuous descent from depth to lower depth, culminating in the diseased productions of the modern realists and naturalists. French novelists have been "without exception occupied in delineating passion and its consequences, but never arriving at a law of life." The deterioration, alike in French life and French literature, may be traced to the influence of Rousseau. In the line of his guilty descendants, Flaubert has his place: "From Rousseau through Chateaubriand, Hugo and George Sand, it has descended, by way of Balzac and Flaubert, to the Zolas who degrade literature to the photography of the moment."

The second *Quarterly* article of this year, entitled "Realism and Decadence in French Fiction," was no less violent in its denunciations. Hugo, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Bourget, Loti—all "reject the spiritual philosophy and follow materialist and physiological methods." Flaubert was admitted to have produced one masterpiece—*Madame Bovary* as usual—but the reviewer considered *L'Education sentimentale* the dullest book he had ever read, *Bouvard et Pécuchet* an "unimaginable composition," and *Salammbô* and *La Tentation de St. Antoine* merely "splendid failures." The critic found in Flaubert's work "a decreasing vitality due, as we feel

[14] I omit consideration of another article on Flaubert's correspondence which appeared this same year in the *Athenaeum*, II, 1889, 155, and which is merely expository and reveals nothing significant of the English critical attitude.

[15] "The Modern French Novel" (*Quarterly Review*, CLXX, 1890, 278 ff.); "Realism and Decadence in French Fiction" (*Ibid.*, CLXXI, 1890, 57 ff.).

convinced, to the hopelessness which eats away at its heart." Although his prose style was usually eloquent, "when he touches the life of the spirit, his tongue stammers and the miracle of his stately eloquence ceases." His greatest fault was a lack of "idealism": "he knows how to compare sentiment with sensation, but he never rises to the level of the *Idea*, which has nought in common with either." For all the adverse criticism, however, Flaubert was much more gently handled in this article than were Zola and the other realists. There was a distinction in his work which commanded the reluctant respect of even the most hostile.

The *Quarterly* was joined in its attacks by Garnet Smith, in a second article published in 1893.[16] Smith was much more bitterly outspoken on this occasion. In his previous article, as we saw, he admitted the greatness of *Madame Bovary*, but by now he had repented of his generosity: "the ignoble reality of its theme disgusted him long before it startled and horrified his readers." Flaubert's search for objectivity was fruitless, for the novel "has exactly Flaubert's imagination; that highly developed, intense recollection of past sensations." "Ugly pessimism and voluptuous bitterness impregnate the world of his creation."

But if Flaubert's detractors thus grew angrier in the nineties, they were soon outnumbered by his admirers, and the admiration became more discriminating and more intelligent. Among those who publicly expressed their delight in his work were two English writers whose novels owed much to his example: George Moore and Henry James.[17] Moore's article[18] was specifically concerned with Zola's *La Débâcle*, but he took the opportunity to express his admiration for Flaubert. He maintained that the latter was "a greater artist than Balzac or Zola," and that "the immortal description of the revolution of '49 in *L'Education sentimentale*" represented to him "the highest achievement of prose fiction."

The James article,[19] on the other hand, was wholly devoted to Flaubert, and especially to his correspondence, published in Paris in 1893. Of *Madame Bovary* James wrote: "Its perfection is one of the commonplaces of criticism, the position of it one of the highest a man of letters dare dream of, the possession of it one of the glories of France." He paid tribute to Flaubert's patient workmanship, his horror "of the cliché, the stereotyped, the thing usually said," the rhythm of his sentences, the brilliance of his metaphors, the aptness of his adverbs, his all-embracing powers of composition. "Flaubert is one of the artists to whom an artist will always go back." But this admiration did not prevent James from seeing Flaubert's limi-

[16] "The Letters of Flaubert" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, L, 1893, 550 ff.).

[17] For discussions of these influences see W. D. Ferguson, *The Influence of Flaubert upon George Moore* (Philadelphia, 1934); Marie-Reine Garnier, *Henry James et la France* (Paris, 1927); and the present writer's "Henry James and his French Contemporaries" (*American Literature*, XIII, Nov., 1941, 240-56).

[18] "*La Débâcle*" (*Fortnightly Review*, LVIII, 1892, 203 ff.).

[19] "Gustave Flaubert" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, LXVII, 1893, 332 ff.).

tations: "Even a style rich in similes is limited when it renders only the visible. The invisible Flaubert scarcely ever touches; his vocabulary and all his methods were unadjusted and alien to it." James was not in agreement with those who held that Flaubert went too far in his delineations of vice and passion and horror; he reproached him rather for not more fully exploring their psychological and spiritual reverberations. "It was not that he went too far, it was on the contrary that he stopped too short. He hovered forever at the public door, in the outer court, the splendour of which very properly beguiled him and in which he seems still to stand as upright as a sentinel and as shapely as a statue. But that immobility and that erectness were bought too dear. The shining arms were meant to carry further, the other doors were meant to open. He should at least have listened at the chamber of the soul." This attitude towards Flaubert was permanent with James; it was repeated, in slightly different terms, in the introduction which he contributed to a new translation of *Madame Bovary* which appeared in 1902.[20]

Ernest Newman, in an article[21] prompted by the first English book on Flaubert,[22] was the next critic to express admiration for Flaubert. He dismissed the charge of immorality as mere folly: *Madame Bovary* "is not a book for weaklings, not because of any immorality that foolish people may suppose it to contain, but for the reason that only a deep experience of life can transmute the shattering sense of misery and anguish that the work gives into the shapes of philosophy and art." Even *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which all previous English critics had found intolerably dull, called forth Newman's admiration: "Probably no other work can be named that so aptly characterizes the intellectual life of our time." And in Flaubert's nervous malady he found not an explanation of, nor an excuse for, the gloom of his work, but a clue to his extraordinary power: "The feeling that survives in our mind is one of admiration for the intellectual giant who could give to his personal moods the scope and quality of universal nature, who could wring from his own wasted nerves such harmonies as might be interwoven in the very texture of the universe."

An even more enthusiastic critic of this period was D. F. Hannigan, who contributed introductions to all three translations from Flaubert in the nineties. In an article published in 1895,[23] he maintained that in Flaubert "we must recognize the typical artist, whose ideal is perfection of form, thoroughness of workmanship, and unflinching devotion to truth." He endorsed Flaubert's ideal of objectivity. "Sound criticism will uphold the idea that the artist should not obtrude his personality on the reader."

[20] One of a series edited by Edmund Gosse and entitled "French Classical Romances" in the New York edition, "A Century of French Romance" in the London edition.

[21] "Gustave Flaubert" (*Fortnightly Review*, LXIV, 1895, 813 ff.).

[22] J. C. Tarver, *Gustave Flaubert as seen in his Works and Correspondence* (London, 1895). See below.

[23] "Flaubert" (*Westminster Review*, CXLIV, 1895, 383 ff.).

Flaubert was compared, to his advantage, with all the leading English novelists of the Victorian era: "His observation is far keener than that of Thackeray, and his analysis more searching than that of George Eliot, though it lacks the delicacy and sympathy which we find in Hawthorne. . . . He is wholly free from the bourgeois prejudices of the author of *Vanity Fair* in favour of certain characters and against others." Hannigan had this to say of Flaubert and Dickens: "To Flaubert the silly idea of Dickens that a novel might be useful for exposing the mismanagement of schools and workhouses would have been the best proof that the man who wrote *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* was a sorry botch, for whom literature was not an art but an ignoble trade." As to Flaubert's place in French literature, Hannigan declared "he will rank next to Balzac as a writer of fiction."

A further factor in the reception of Flaubert in England which deserves notice is the lecture delivered by Paul Bourget in 1897 at the Taylorian Institute in Oxford. Although this lecture was French in origin, and thus does not strictly belong in this study, it was published in an English periodical[24] and must have done much to spread knowledge of, and discriminating appreciation for, Flaubert and his place in French literary history. Bourget gave a sympathetic account of Flaubert's life, assessed the respective influences upon him of his home surroundings, the romantic movement of 1830, and his invalid physique, expounded his artistic principles, and made the first authoritative pronouncement in England upon the historical significance of *Madame Bovary*. "What made the appearance in print of *Madame Bovary* an event of the greatest importance," said Bourget, "a date in fact in the history of the French novel, was the blending of both schools in one book, equal in plastic power to the finest pages of Hugo or Gautier, and worthy of being compared for its analytical lucidity with the master-chapters of Balzac and Stendhal." The two schools referred to are, of course, those of romanticism and realism.

The single book on Flaubert published in England in this period, which was mentioned above, contained very little critical matter, and that little could hardly be called discriminating. For example, Tarver spoke of Flaubert's worst fault as being a "tendency to be drawn aside from his main subject by side issues." The book's significance lies elsewhere. In the first place, it made available to the large section of the public which could not read French, translated excerpts from Flaubert's letters and novels. These excerpts threw light on Flaubert's ideals and intentions, and must have contributed to a fuller understanding of these by the English public. Finally, the mere fact that there was sufficient interest in Flaubert by 1895 to make the publication of such a book a commercial possibility is indicative of the growth of his English reputation.

By the end of the century, then, Flaubert was firmly established in

[24] "Flaubert" (*Fortnightly Review*, LXVIII, 1897, 152 ff.).

England as a writer of the first rank. Even the more hostile critics acknowledged his stature. Opposition to his work on moral grounds, after a slight revival in the first year of the decade, virtually disappeared from the writings of responsible critics. His objectivity was now held by most critics and practising English novelists to be an essential quality of good fiction. Virtually unknown in England until the late seventies, all his novels were by this time translated into English and his name occurred in almost every issue of the leading periodicals. How are we to explain this development?

For an explanation we must look to the changing background of life and thought in England. In the last three decades of the century Victorian society began to lose its homogeneity. The movements of thought emanating from such men as Walter Pater, Thomas Huxley, William Morris, Thomas Hardy, and Oscar Wilde were in strange contrast with the solid respectability and earnest didacticism of the mid-Victorian period. There was an increasing recognition of the distinction between aesthetics and ethics. Questions of form in art were coming to the fore—and this was especially true in the case of the novel. In the earlier period, the novel had been regarded largely as an instrument of superior amusement or of moral elevation; reviews of novels had been but slightly concerned with matters of style and technique, and articles devoted to discussion of the art of the novel in general had been almost unknown. In the last two decades of the century, however, technique came to fill an increasingly large place in the reviews, and literally scores of articles appeared bearing such titles as "The New Watchwords of Fiction," "The New Realism in Fiction," "The Limits of Realism in Fiction," "Art of the Novelist," "A Claim for the Art of Fiction." There can surely never have been a time before or since when the art of the novel was so much a matter of public interest and controversy.

The connection of all this with the increasing interest in Flaubert is obvious. As the moralism of the mid-Victorian period gradually waned, it became possible for critics to judge Flaubert on the basis of artistry—and on that basis his claim to distinction was beyond question. And in the controversy about the art of fiction he became a focal point because he had not only provided concrete examples, in his novels, of technical dexterity and style, but had also inspired a whole generation of novelists in France and elsewhere, and had, especially in his letters to George Sand, discussed the whole question of novel-writing lucidly and provocatively.

At any rate there can be no question that Flaubert was, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, the dominant influence in the work of the young English novelists who were preparing to fill the places vacated by the great Victorians. At this time Somerset Maugham began his career as a novelist with *Liza of Lambeth* and *The Hero*, both of which, as he himself tells us,[25] were written under the influence of Flaubert and his

[25] See his preface to *Liza of Lambeth* in the Heinemann Collected Edition (London, 1935).

disciple De Maupassant. Arnold Bennett wrote in his journal on January 11, 1898:

> I have been thinking about a history of the English novel in the nineteenth century. I believe in the course of a few years I could write such a history as would cast a new light on English fiction considered strictly from the craftsman's standpoint. As regards fiction, it seems to me that only within the last few years have we absorbed from France that passion for the artistic shapely presentation of truth, and that feeling for words as words, which animated Flaubert, the de Goncourts, and de Maupassant, and which is so exactly described and defined in de Maupassant's introduction to the collected works of Flaubert.[26]

And in the same decade Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer were holding their interminable discussions about the form of the novel, with the theory and practice of Flaubert their chief centre of interest. "It was," as Hueffer put it in his reminiscences of the period, "Flaubert, Flaubert, Flaubert all the way."[27]

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[26] *The Journals of Arnold Bennett* (London, 1932), I, 68.

[27] Ford Madox Hueffer, *Thus to Revisit* (London, 1921), 39.

REVIEW ARTICLE

THE STATE IN CATHOLIC THOUGHT*

E. MUNZER

Heinrich A. Rommen, an eminent Catholic exile from Nazi Germany and at present a professor at Hartford, Connecticut, is no newcomer in the field of state philosophy and law. His German publications on *The State Doctrine of Francis Suarez* (1927), *The Church and Her Right* (1930), *Human Rights, Law, and Judiciary in the United States and Other Common Law Countries* (1931), *The State in Catholic Ideology* (1935), and *The Eternal Recurrence of Natural Law* (1936)—the latter will be published shortly in English—and his contributions to German and American periodicals have made him well known to an expectant circle of students. His latest book, *The State in Catholic Thought*, represents an outstanding summary of twenty years of penetrating study of social and political philosophy.

Dr. Rommen's latest work is essentially a restatement and modernization of the Catholic doctrine of the state in contradistinction especially to the Occamist-Lutheran and Rousseauistic political teachings and their modern formulations. The state is a moral organism grounded in natural law. Historically, the state originates in a status-contract; but contract means merely *causa existentiae* of the concrete institution, not, as Rousseau thought, *causa essentiae*, i.e., the origin of the idea of the state itself. The question whether or not the state should be, the essence of statal order—*ordo justitiae legalis*—and the existence of authority are outside human discretion. *Emile*'s speculations are wrong.

To sustain these basic propositions Dr. Rommen reverts to traditional Catholic doctrine. The social community has a genuine reality of its own. In the order of being, man is the only substance within the social. In the order of ends, the community precedes man, though it obtains its value only from being linked to the perfection of persons. Owing to this function, in the teleological order of the universe the community has an *esse intentionale* over and above the mere aggregation of the ends of the individuals who form it.

These prime deductions are moving within the order of reason. Although natural and supernatural theology influence political thought, Catholic doctrine holds that political philosophy is not a reflex of dogma, and refutes the idea, e.g., that monarchy and monotheism are able to show more than a peripheral historical relationship. Thomist philosophy of the state in particular derives its conclusions from natural law and reason, not from revelation, and uses the distinction between theology and philosophy to controvert the deification of the state as an unfounded assumption of paganism.

**The State in Catholic Thought.* By HEINRICH A. ROMMEN. London and St. Louis: Herder. 1945. Pp. viii, 747. ($6.00).

Within the realm of reason, social forms can be interpreted organically or mechanistically. The Catholic view may be considered as organic in the sense of teleological. "Organic" is thus used figuratively, for instance as modern metaphysics, such as Solovyov's, speaks of organic logics. Applied to the state, the organic view means solidarism: the human collective co-operates towards an end by means of state and other institutions for the perfection of man's rational nature.

More concretely, the state is a moral, not a biological organism. This conception leaves room for the pluralism of social forms, for the whole compact of "irrational" (sympathetic) forces making for collective life, for a genuine balance between commutative, distributive, and legal justice, and for an equilibrium between freedom and authority, for it holds that the state is founded neither from below by individual contracts nor from above by imposition.

The metaphysical basis of the natural law is the Aristotelian proposition that "the very essence of a thing is at the same time its end." Since the hierarchy of ends determines the universal order of being, natural law ultimately means order. And as order is something to be attained by free will, natural law—and with it politics as one of its emanations—belongs to the realm of ethics which together with logics encompasses the confines of reason.

The opposing notions in politics are therefore order and disorder, not, as Carl Schmitt wanted us to believe, friend and enemy. The friend-enemy relation constitutes a purely voluntarist conception, and presents the most modern formulation of the nominalist-Lutheran definition of law and state as will. In this sense all the modern "isms" are the result of the nominalist decadence of Christianity, with its equation of might and right, and its denial of the rational origin of law and state.

Dr. Rommen concedes that the so-called natural law of the Enlightenment, especially the Wolfian school, offered its opponents ample reasons for scepticism. The negative part of Kant's *Critiques* was justified. But his phenomenalism renders the idea of an objective order impossible, and became largely responsible for the nineteenth-century positivism in, and outside, social philosophy. The abstract formalism of the neo-Kantians deprived the positivist school of law of the capacity of distinguishing between legitimacy and legality of positive norms, a tragedy which the German judge adjudicating the Nuremberg Laws demonstrated *ad oculos*.

The voluntarism underlying the naturalistic theorems of Hobbes and Rousseau was liable to become some justification for totalitarian outrage. In the Catholic theory of the social contract the human will is the proximate, but not the sole, cause of the state. What finally obliges is not the explicit or implicit juridical datum of a contract but the natural law. This law places the state in the hierarchy of orders in which each stage is related to all others; within this texture the state cannot be an absolute, solved from

its setting, but only an order relative to the inalienable rights of the person, of minorities, and of humanity in general. The relativity of the state is usually summarized by the principle of subsidiarity. Its main consequence has recently been often quoted against totalitarian claims: that the state ought to leave to smaller groups a function that can be effectively performed only by them, thus reducing the tension between person and state.

It is merely a derivation from the Aristotelian metaphysicum quoted above that the relativity of the state expresses itself in the limitation of its end or purpose: the common good. The state cannot demand every sacrifice from its members; this is its negative limit. Positively expressed, the common good is *felicitas externa;* not *felicitas tota*, as Hegel demanded in imitation of the ancient *polis*. The difference between the person's and the state's ends is therefore qualitative, not merely quantitative.

Materially, the common good is the application of justice. Commutative justice, the equity of exchange, is separating rather than unifying—*summum jus, summa injuria*—and must continually be superseded by social and distributive justice which aims at bringing about such social conditions as enable the individual to fulfil the demands of commutative justice. To obtain this balance is the proper function of the state. In this task, state intervention may be extended to any circle of persons, so long as it is reconcilable with the principle of subsidiarity.

The relativity of the state's purpose is reflected in a congruent limitation of statal means. The sum total of these means is usually donated political authority, or sovereignty. Emphasis on the service character of the state makes it easier to recognize the limitations of the means. Plurality of purposes is accompanied by plurality of means. Catholic doctrine has always upheld a pluralist notion of sovereignty which limits state authority over subsidiary spheres of the individual person, the family, and free associations, as well as in relation to the supra-national community.

Distinct limitations to the state's ends and means can no longer be argued when political authority is derived from man's fallen nature, instead of from natural law. Ancient despotism was revived by the Reformatory insistence upon man's *natura deleta*, his perfect depreciation through the Fall. Princely absolutism and its recent copy, totalitarianism, are the immediate outcome of this view. The ultimately divine origin of authority does not entail a *direct* transfer of political power from God to the first carrier of political might. Dr. Rommen rightly discards the designation theory in favour of the translation theory which holds that "it is the community itself organizing into the body politic that holds authority and continues to hold it so long as it is not transferred to an individual, to a family, or to a specific group" (p. 445).

The concrete constitutional forms developed in history are secondary characteristics of the state, and essentially unrelated to its philosophy. Catholic criticism of modern states rests on their a-religious attitudes, not

their form. With the emphasis on human equality in democracy, with its dearth of hierarchical structures, with its provision of a large state-free sphere for persons and groups, and with the supremacy of law over the executive, Catholic political philosophy is in full accord. Its distrust of democracy is historically conditioned by the origin of democratic thought in religious indifferentism with its reliance on man's moral autonomy, as taught by Kant and Rousseau; by its plutocratic inclinations; and finally by the demand that the Church should be democratized, similarly to the state. The value of a constitution grows in proportion to the extent to which it succeeds in serving the common good.

To the analysis of the relation between Church and state Dr. Rommen devotes several chapters filled with penetrating thought. He is well aware of the great practical difficulties of delimiting their respective spheres. The idea of hierarchical order may offer some initial solution; its application to concrete historical situations will always remain a difficult task. Separation of Church and state as a philosophical principle of religious indifferentism will forever encounter the opposition of the Roman Catholic Church. Dr. Rommen is right in stating that "it is a new state that produces the problem, not a changed Church" (p. 570). It seems as if the willingness to accept Leo XIII's teachings in this field is growing, at least in the Western world.

Even the sceptic will admit that positive state law will not carry mankind very far in the attempt at creating some international order. Indeed, without the acceptance of basic principles of natural law, no supra-national order can be established. Dr. Rommen leaves little doubt that such an order of the future is a matter of faith, of a strong belief in the idea of a true community of nations. To its own detriment the national state has sinned against this faith again and again. The League died, as did so many institutions in history, from a wrong assumption, namely, that good legal instruments make good men. But "Morals maketh Man." And morals, i.e., natural law, will be doubly indispensable in the field of international relations where fewer means of enforcement are available than within the boundaries of a state.

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These are, in brief, the guiding ideas of Dr. Rommen's system. It is obvious that they stand or fall with the acceptance or rejection of Aristotelian metaphysics, Augustinian ethics of concrete values (*Gueter-Ethik*), and the Thomist foundation of the state on natural law. They are, to repeat it, independent of revelation and applicable to a non-Christian state, or to a post-Christian state to which the occidental national political systems have meanwhile actually developed. In so far, they are universal, and catholic rather than Catholic. If mankind takes historical verdicts seriously, Rommen's deductions are the theoretical counterpart to the historical refutation which modern positivism in the field of social doctrine

has just suffered from the blows of war and revolution. But the same verdict applies to the intermediary solutions which have been tried since the breakdown of positivism became visible. The attempt of Duguit to found constitutional law upon the idea of social solidarity is certainly a plus compared with the sterility of Kelsen's neo-Kantian empty normatism; but it still remains unsatisfactory. Equally half-hearted was the substitution of certain *a priori* doctrines for natural law which von Liszt tried in his many contributions to international law. We share Rommen's idea that it was precisely the discredit into which the thin derivations from the late rationalism had brought natural law that deterred the most honest writers in social philosophy from basing their principles on natural law. The process which led to the discarding of Thomist realism by the *via moderna* of nominalism found its belated parallel in the struggle for a tenable theory of the state.

False social theorems are more dangerous than wrong notions about nature. They are bound to lead mankind to the abyss of self-immolation, as recent history has shown so convincingly. Aristotle's metaphysics have been disparaged, and rightly so, on account of his wrong conceptions of nature which delayed the insight into the nuclear essence of the physical world for centuries; Democritus was the greater physicist, but he had a poorer "press." But this does not justify the attempt to disavow Aristotle's social teleology as well. The Stagirite knew human nature better than inanimate nature, and both better than his "divine" teacher whose *Republic* is now so mercilessly practised by all kinds of totalitarians. Constitutions growing outside the soil of Aristotelian metaphysics are at best barren, and at worst tyrannical. This, we think, is one of the most fertile ideas of Rommen's work.

Modern man will find it much harder to re-acquaint himself with the second pillar on which Rommen's edifice rests: St. Augustine's *Gueter-Ethik*, the hierarchy of concrete moral values. Even such an eminent man as Max Scheler failed in his first attempt to take this hurdle to modern thought. The original sin of Kant—the illegitimate extension of an epistemology destined, and at best suited, to prove the possibility of Newtonian physics to the field of ethics and religion—has become too deeply ingrained in the modern mind to be exorcized easily. And yet, to quote Solovyov, "God and the immortal soul are not the postulates of the moral law, but the direct creative forces of the moral reality" (*La Justification du bien*). It seems as if the concentric attack upon Kantian metaphysics is now progressing at an increasing speed, and as if the modern restatement of Thomist realism and the revised phenomenology are disputing the ground with idealism to a growing extent. But their application to social philosophy has remained fragmentary until now, and as a matter of fact, Dr. Rommen's life work is one of the major attempts to re-introduce realist epistemology into the realm of political thought.

The recent *rapprochement* to natural law offers apparently fewer obstacles to the modern mind than the two other basic propositions of Dr. Rommen's system. The flagrant breakdown of the quasi-religion of progress under the impact of two major world catastrophes, and the bitter fruits of legal positivism, have aroused widespread doubts of the validity of both nominalist-Reformatory pessimism and Rousseauian optimism. The high hopes of those relying on grace, in the sense of a *deus ex machina*, and those relying on the idyllic goodness of man, if he is only left alone by the monster-state, have been gravely depressed. So long as the Stoa's natural law was offered to man in the form of a rather poor country wine, though of course well bottled, from Cicero's cellar, grave suspicions were hard to suppress. But meanwhile the basic idea and the concrete principles of natural law have been greatly deepened by generations of Christian thinkers, and the actual historical situation has helped to persuade a growing number of people to accept this revival as a genuine way out of the impasse into which the arid rationalism of the Enlightenment and the subsequent positivism had thrown political and social thought. In this sense, Dr. Rommen's work is a landmark in an apparently successful fight for the recovery of lost territory, and this alone will be sufficient to establish for him the reputation which his indefatigable consistency merits.

REVIEWS

SOVIET AND AMERICAN FAR EASTERN POLICY*

F. H. SOWARD

Shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War the Institute of Pacific Relations decided to establish an inquiry into the problems arising from war in the Pacific designed "to focus available information on the present crisis in forms which will be useful to those who lack either the time or the expert knowledge to study the vast amount of material now appearing or already published in a number of languages." Over twenty volumes have appeared in the "Inquiry Series," including the two volumes under review which are among the most recent and most valuable. Offering as they do concise and scholarly analyses of the policies of the world's two greatest powers in the Far East, they are of particular interest at a time when the global conflicts of policy and interest of these Titans offer a tragic illustration of the role of power politics in modern society.

It is no reflection on the utility of Mr. Bisson's monograph to assess Miss Moore's as the more valuable of the two. She is one of the few Western scholars linguistically qualified to use Soviet sources and thoroughly grounded in Far Eastern politics. Her book is based almost entirely on Soviet sources and its value is heightened by the inclusion of almost as many pages of documents as of text. As the author readily admits, her summary of Soviet policy from Japan's invasion of Manchuria to the Soviet declaration of war upon Japan is far from complete and must necessarily remain so until the archives of Moscow, Tokyo, London, and Washington yield up their records. What does emerge is an incisive description of what the Soviet leaders thought and did in the Far East, and, equally important, what they allowed their people to know about their policy.

At the outset of her analysis, Miss Moore very properly reminds her readers that the U.S.S.R., with over half of its territory in Asia, is, of all the Great Powers, the one most immediately concerned with developments in the Far East. As the Chinese delegate remarked in 1934 at the ceremonies welcoming the U.S.S.R. into the League of Nations, "if China is the foundation of Asia, as she is, Russia is the uniting arch of Europe and Asia." It is much easier for a Soviet diplomat to be conscious of his country's responsibilities in the Far East than for his opposite number in Washington or London. Consequently, when the Japanese moved into Manchuria in September, 1931, the Russians were quick to appreciate its

**Soviet Far Eastern Policy, 1931-1945.* By HARRIET L. MOORE. (Institute of Pacific Relations, Inquiry Series.) Princeton: Princeton University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders]. 1945. Pp. xviii, 284. ($3.25)

America's Far Eastern Policy. By T. A. BISSON. (Institute of Pacific Relations, Inquiry Series.) New York: Macmillan Co. [Toronto: Macmillan Co of Canada]. 1945. Pp. xiv, 235. ($4.00)

significance. Mindful of Russia's defeat by Japan in that same area a quarter-century previously, and of the appearance of Japanese troops in Siberia when the civil war in Russia was at its peak, the Russians reacted as though to an alarm bell in the night. Molotov told his colleagues at the close of the year that the Far Eastern crisis was "the most important problem of our foreign policy" while Stalin later blamed "the complications in the Far East" for the 6 per cent shortage in the schedules of production in the first Five Year Plan and saw to it that the second plan made much greater provision for economic and military development east of Lake Baikal. What particularly concerned the Soviet leaders in 1931 was their almost complete isolation among the Great Powers, with the United States still unwilling to recognize the Soviet Union, Anglo-Soviet relations coldly correct, and Germany rapidly drifting into naziism. In Miss Moore's words: "It cannot be over-emphasized in any survey of Soviet Far Eastern policy for this period that the Soviet fear of attack by a combination of powers was a constant factor." Even if a mass attack did not materialize, the Russians suspected that a move by Japan against the U.S.S.R. in the Far East in order to rid that region of "Communism" would not be unpopular in certain Western circles. Such a suspicion, which found its parallel six years later in Europe after Munich, led the U.S.S.R. to pursue, at the outset, a lone-hand policy of calculated delay and evasion. Thus resumption of diplomatic relations with China as a gesture of encouragement was followed by the offer of a non-aggression pact to Japan and tedious negotiations over fisheries, the Chinese Eastern Railway, economic concessions in North Sakhalin, and boundary questions. When the Chinese protested at the Soviet sale of Russia's share of the Railway, *Izvestia*, while proclaiming friendship for the great Chinese people, bluntly reminded them that "the Chinese people are not master of the situation in Manchuria and they would gain nothing if the C.E.R. became the object of a war which might have destroyed this Far Eastern railroad." When Japan struck at China proper in 1937, Soviet newspapers stressed the gravity of the situation and pointed out that her previous success could be attributed to "the passivity of the Western powers." But the West was still unready to meet the crisis adequately and, after the disastrous results of the Brussels conference, Litvinov sarcastically commented on the puzzle of "how experienced *bourgeois* diplomats could fail to understand the meaning of the aggressor's tactics." So the U.S.S.R. continued to conduct its policy in the Far East almost entirely on a bilateral basis and to strengthen its defences, as the Japanese discovered in their tests of them in border skirmishes in 1938 and 1939. The conclusion of a neutrality pact with Japan in April, 1941, which Miss Moore treats all too briefly, presumably from lack of material, completed the Soviet web of relationships in the Far East. The Mongolian People's Republic was granted the most detailed type of mutual aid agreement which the U.S.S.R. had ever concluded.

China secured a pact of benevolent neutrality which was more than formal in character, as the trade relations of the two countries indicated, while Japan had a pact "rather strictly limited in scope, merely providing for the maintenance of formal neutrality." The successive shocks of Hitler's invasion of Russia and Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor transformed the situation completely. As Litvinov said on December 13, 1941—"We are all in the same boat now, and will either perish together or together triumph." Though the Soviet press could and did verbally lash Japanese war lords, the terrible strain of 1942 prevented positive action for many months to come. But come it did in August, 1945, and with that event Miss Moore completes her record. Writing immediately after that event the author was cautiously optimistic. She stressed the sanctity of Soviet frontiers as the "most compelling interest" of the U.S.S.R. in the Far East and suggested that Soviet belief in collective security would be "the best means to this end." It is to be hoped that when a new edition of this volume appears Miss Moore will restate her analysis of contemporary Soviet policy in the light of developments during the past two years.

Mr. Bisson's book was completed by the summer of 1944 and, like its companion, is well equipped with documents (164 pages of text and 66 pages of documents). In theory, his study covers a wider field than Miss Moore's, but in practice only about six pages are devoted to "Traditional Aspects of American Policy" while special attention is given to policy in the thirties and over one-third of the book to events since 1939. The author admits that "compromise with aggression in the Far East had the sanction of long precedent" but believes that the lesson of Pearl Harbor, which he interprets as "the result, among other things, of a global breakdown of security" has brought a shift of American opinion on the importance of establishing a firm world security organization which is one of the notable results of the war. In his handling of American policy in the early months of the Manchurian crisis, Mr. Bisson follows the conventional pattern of criticism of United Kingdom policy (most of which is deserved) but without fully assessing how far Mr. Stimson would have gone then in concerting measures to stop Japan. On that question Sir John Pratt's chapter on "Manchuria and Some Myths" in his little book ***War and Politics in China*** offers further evidence. On American policy towards Japan before Pearl Harbor the author's summary offers an interesting parallel in its argument to Miss Moore's analysis of Soviet tactics at that time. "The object of this policy was to keep Japan busy in China, to hold her southward policy in check, to keep her guessing, to weaken her slowly by gradual application of economic pressure but to avoid any sudden or drastic action which might precipitate war in the Pacific at least until accounts had been settled with Hitler." In his closing chapter, Mr. Bisson offers some warnings on dealing with the Emperor and "Moderates" in Japan that are of interest in view of present policy, and some shrewd conjectures on the

trend of colonial policies in south-eastern Asia. His study is surprisingly scanty in its references to Soviet-American relations. Such a sentence as "The Soviet Union will undoubtedly add an important and positive element to the stream of Western influence; so also will Australia and New Zealand," is revealing in its limitations.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC[1]

A. S. P. Woodhouse

In his volume of Lowell lectures, *From Classic to Romantic*, Mr. Bate has made a valuable contribution to the understanding of a very important transition in thought and feeling. The transition is part of the background of the great Romantics and, more widely, constitutes an essential chapter in the formation of modern sentiment and opinion. From long experience in a graduate seminar we know how complicated is this transition, and how exciting and illuminating it can be; and we welcome Mr. Bate's effort of patient analysis and able (if partial) synthesis. The combination is of good omen, and the book exemplifies what the history of literary criticism can and should attempt.

Amid the vast complex of ideas which go to the making of the Romantic movement in Europe Mr. Bate confines his formal treatment to some English "conceptions of the character, justification, and aim of art"; but these he seeks to trace to their sources in current philosophy and psychology, and he writes with a sense of the transformation of non-aesthetic values which was going forward at the same time and a sense of the European theatre of action, of which England was but a part, though the most important part. In the range of his inquiry he owes more perhaps than would appear from his occasional citations to the late Irving Babbitt, who revolutionized the study of literary history, especially in the period under reconsideration. In his specific point of view, on the other hand, Mr. Bate has more in common with another master, Professor A. O. Lovejoy. He wisely eschews polemic and recognizes in some of the great Romantics a genuinely humanistic effort of comprehension. He writes as a sympathetic student of the eclectic Keats and Hazlitt, but also of the more metaphysical Coleridge and the eclectic but still metaphysical Wordsworth. These four, as he rightly divines, are the cardinal examples of what he calls (not altogether fortunately perhaps) "the English Romantic compromise." It is of their ideas that he is concerned to trace the background, while Byron and Shelley he virtually ignores and Blake he never once mentions. With this extensive outlook, and these limitations upon it, Mr. Bate undertakes his survey of doctrine.

[1] *From Classic to Romantic: Premises of Taste in Eighteenth-century England.* By Walter Jackson Bate. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1946. Pp. ix, 197. ($3.00)

He commences by discussing the postulates and prescriptions of Neo-classicism in their relation to those of the classics and of Renaissance humanism, proceeds to a consideration of certain developments which occurred in Neo-classicism, and brings his argument to a focus in an admirable treatment of Johnson and a briefer one of Reynolds. He then turns to the growth of individualism in thought and to the important role of the Associationist psychology, (1) in fostering that sense of the particular which Neo-classicism had tended to sink in its concern for the general, and (2) in concentrating attention upon the aesthetic experience and its processes and explaining them in empirical terms as opposed to the rationalistic terms of Neo-classicism. This leads on to a consideration of individualism in feeling and the role of the Associationist psychology, (1) in bringing into relief the emotional effect of art, and (2) in affording an empirical account of the phenomena emphasized by the intuitionist school of Shaftesbury or, in other words, a synthesis of the concepts of experience and innate endowment. Especially in its later phases empiricism yields in the fully elaborated law of Association a principle of synthesis essential for the English Romantic compromise, which is the theme of the concluding chapter.

Such hasty summary does scant justice to Mr. Bate's detailed analysis of philosophers and critics, his many salient quotations from their writings, and his frequent insights, among which may be specially commended his account of the phenomenon of *synaesthesia* as treated by the Associationists (pp. 148-52). But it seems more profitable to devote our remaining space[2] to some criticism of his fundamental assumptions and the principles on which he selects his materials and constructs his pattern.

Central to that pattern is the importance of English empiricism, which indeed cannot be over-emphasized so long as it does not lead to a playing-down of other trends. Indeed, we would go farther than Mr. Bate and, with Mr. Victor Hamm, would recognize the empirical temper as present in English Neo-classicism from its inception, though not (as Mr. Hamm maintains) as a weakness, but as its distinguishing characteristic. If French Neo-classicism is Cartesian in its rationalism (though according to Faguet the direct influence of Descartes has been exaggerated), English Neo-classicism is, broadly speaking, Newtonian in its twofold appeal to reason and experience, and to an experience conceived not as merely individual but as harmonizing with, and yielding, general laws. It is only a few minor critics who derive their Neo-classicism from France and manifest the Cartesian type of rationalism; the great critics are concerned with experience as defined above, and to be so concerned is sooner or later to have to deal with its more romantic aspects. The empirical temper is not,

[2]It may be noted that the Harvard Press has produced a very pleasant volume, but has allowed some misprints to creep into the text, mainly in quotations: *Approach* for *Reproach* (p. 13); *She* asked for *He* asked (p. 42); *he* held for *we* held (p. 120); *that* heart that *loves* her for *The* heart that *loved* her (p. 166); *obstruct* for *obstructs* (p. 12); "*recognizes!*" for *recognizes"!* (p. 32); and the punctuation of the last quoted sentence on p. 187.

of course, to be confused with formal empiricism, but it sets limits to the sway of rationalism of the Cartesian type, breeds an experimental spirit, and, among other results, may leave the field open to formal empiricism. A firmer grasp of these facts would perhaps have served to simplify Mr. Bate's pattern in its initial stages; but as regards Neo-classicism our difference from him is at most one of emphasis. When he comes to his main thesis, the role of formal empiricism and its master principle, the association of ideas, in effecting the transition from Neo-classicism to Romanticism in England, and in conditioning that Romanticism, we find ourselves in almost complete agreement with the principal claims that he makes for it, but at the same time we are disquieted by his tendency to subordinate to it other and quite different trends. We question the possibility of writing the history of English Romanticism in terms of this single principle. No one's synthesis, as John Stuart Mill acutely remarks, can be more complete than his analysis. And Mr. Bate's thorough and brilliant analysis of the empirical tradition requires to be supplemented by a similar analysis of other trends.

Professor Lovejoy has advised us to talk not of Romanticism, but of Romanticisms. His point might have been enforced by the fact that in England there were two major streams contributing to the Romantic movement. Naturally they influenced each other, since every philosophy is necessitated at least so far to notice its opponents as to offer its own explanation of the data which they uncover. But it is important not to blur the distinction between them. One main stream was the empirical tradition indigenous to the English eighteenth century. The other, which defies simple definition, was in its principal postulates opposed to empiricism; i.e., it insisted on the general as giving the law to the particular, and not as derivable alone from an assembly of particulars, and it assumed elements in knowledge prior to experience. It belonged to, or at least found its point of departure in, the rationalist tradition, but in the Platonic, not the Cartesian, current. Its significance in the history of Romanticism begins to be apparent in Shaftesbury, or perhaps even in the Cambridge Platonists. On Shaftesbury, a transitional figure of the first importance (as Mr. C. A. Moore, Mr. Alderman and the late Ernst Cassirer have shown), Mr. Bate goes, it seems to us, seriously astray at two points. (1) He fails to recognize that a view of art fundamentally neo-classical underlies not only Shaftesbury's view of nature (for all its romantic potentialities) but his view of the *art of living*. In its ultimate tendency the Shaftesburian "taste" became or at least fostered (as in his disciple Blackwell) an assertion of spontaneous and uncorrupted native endowment against the sophistications of the age, but half of its twofold origin is to be found in the ideal of the *honnête homme*, whose emphasis on the *je ne sais quoi* certainly betokens no conscious revolt against reason and no belief in untutored responses. To assume an initial cleavage between taste and judgment,

which it was left to the empiricists to bridge, is at the very least to foreshorten a complicated stretch of history. (2) But much more important, and central to our criticism, is Mr. Bate's curious inability to perceive Shaftesbury's dependence on the rationalist, not the voluntarist, tradition in thought, and indeed his explicit opposition to voluntarism. The *Enquiry concerning Virtue* is directed almost equally against the religious voluntarism of the Calvinists and the secular voluntarism of the Hobbists, a double attack reminiscent of those stalwart rationalists, the Cambridge Platonists, whom Shaftesbury admired. Shaftesbury's innate "sense," moral and aesthetic, finds the second half of its twofold origin in the "boniform faculty" of Henry More, which fortifies and in part replaces "innate ideas," and whose pronouncements are always assumed to be consonant with reason, never the expression of mere will. It is at a much later date, and in Germany, not in England, that the emphasis in the second main stream contributing to Romanticism, which we are considering, shifts from reason to will. This stream we may now safely describe as "intuitionist" (as opposed to empiricist) or even as "idealist" since we are in a position immediately to qualify the description by observing that Shaftesbury was no metaphysician and took over only such features of Platonic idealism as he could use.

But already in Shaftesbury the possibilities of an "idealist" Romanticism are clearly seen, possibilities which were to be realized in Blake, in Coleridge, after he had recognized the limitations of empiricism and the Associationist psychology (for it was only then that he made his effort of comprehension and synthesis), in Wordsworth (as he followed Coleridge's lead), and in the later Shelley; or, in other words, in precisely those authors whom Mr. Bate is obliged by his thesis to ignore or of whom he is able to give only a partial account. The history of this trend in the English Romantic movement is confessedly more intermittent than that which Mr. Bate so skilfully and satisfactorily traces. But it is an essential part of the picture, the antithesis, as it were, to Mr. Bate's thesis, and its due analysis is necessary, first, to a full study of the interplay of the two traditions (with the alternative explanations of the data recognized by both) and, secondly, to a fuller synthesis than Mr. Bate, working mainly, if not quite exclusively, with the empirical tradition, is able to achieve. The basic idea of genius, of innate endowment, belongs rather to the intuitionist than to the empiricist trend (though Alexander Gerard and others will *explain* it in terms of the association of ideas). So likewise (despite the limits set upon it by Shaftesbury's Neo-classicism) does the notion of a primitive and uncorrupted response, or (in other words) the basic idea of primitivism; while to the empiricist trend just as naturally belongs the notion of perfectibility, of progress achieved through the building-up of salutary associations—though in Coleridge the opposing tradition will also develop its theory of progression, which is characteristically metaphysical. . . . But the interplay of the two traditions is endless and endlessly fascinating.

To sum up our contention in a word. Mr. Bate has presented as synthesis what is really thesis; he has omitted the antithesis; and the proof that he has done so is his failure to give any adequate account of such varied figures as Shaftesbury, Blake, the later Wordsworth, the later Coleridge, Shelley, or to find a satisfactory place for them in his synthesis.

Nothing in all this is to be construed as taking away from our former praise of Mr. Bate's treatment of the material which falls within the scope of his thesis and which he elects to consider. That treatment is indeed admirable, and it brought new light to us at a number of points. We do not see how it could be bettered unless by a somewhat fuller consideration of the previous history of some of the terms used (notably, *imagination*). Indeed within its limits no more penetrating and suggestive book has ever been written on the evolution of Romanticism.

ENGLISH DICTIONARIES, 1604-1755*

DORIS B. SAUNDERS

He who reads this scholarly yet unpedantic survey of *The English Dictionary from Cawdrey to Johnson* will never again take for granted the contents of his modern dictionary, but will see it as the culmination of the work of a long line of lexicographers.

The authors speak with authority. Dr. Starnes, a graduate of Chicago, and Professor of English at the University of Texas, has made a special study of medieval and Renaissance dictionaries, and his collaborator, Miss Noyes, a graduate of Yale, and Associate Professor of English at Connecticut College, has published many papers on lexicography in philological journals. It was, indeed, "wise economy" for these two authors to pool the fruits of their ten years' research in the libraries of the United States and England. Their aims as stated in the Foreword sound most ambitious:

> Of the dictionaries, expositors, and glossographies which were printed between 1604 and 1755, the authors give, within the stated limitations, as full, specific, and accurate information as they have been able to ascertain. The qualifications of dictionary-makers for the tasks which they set for themselves, their expressed aims (as far as possible in the language of the compilers themselves), their sources, their methods of compilation, the interrelationships of the various texts, the relation of English dictionaries to contemporary bilingual dictionaries, the readers for whom each work is intended, the vogue and usefulness of the various dictionaries—these are among the more important topics treated in this book.

Even a cursory reading will reveal that these aims have been adequately realized. That the authors are familiar with the work of their predecessors is obvious from their admission of indebtedness to such scholars as Henry B. Wheatley, Sir James A. H. Murray, Dr. Percy W. Long, Mr. M. M.

**The English Dictionary from Cawdrey to Johnson, 1604-1755.* By DE WITT T. STARNES and GERTRUDE E. NOYES. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1946. Pp. xii, 300. ($3.50)

Mathews, Professor Arthur G. Kennedy, Mr. Ernest Weekley, and numerous others referred to in the Bibliography and Notes.

The format of the book is most attractive. Special mention must be made of the sixteen plates—facsimile reproductions of the title-pages, and others, of the dictionaries studied. The division of the text into twenty-two chapters, each dealing with a specific dictionary (with the exception of the first chapter which sketches the background for the study), makes the survey particularly easy to follow. The generosity of the authors is evident in the inclusion of three appendices, one an article on "Medieval and Renaissance Vocabularies" by Dr. Starnes, one on "The Development of Cant Lexicography in England, 1566-1785" by Miss Noyes, and the third a valuable "Bibliography and Census of Dictionaries in American Libraries."

The beginnings of the dictionary are traced to the interlinear glosses of the Middle Ages, and to the bilingual dictionaries of the type of the *Promptorium Parvulorum, sive Clericorum* (*ca.* 1440) used by boys preparing for the ministry. It was not then the custom to arrange the words alphabetically, for as late as 1553 John Withals, in *A Shorte Dictionarie for Yonge Begynners*, grouped the words according to a general concept illustrated as follows:

> A Ship with other water vessels, etc.
>
> A ship, *Navis, rates*
> He that maketh the ship, *Naupegus*, gi
> The keale or bottome of a ship, *Carina*, ae

By the end of the sixteenth century many modern-language dictionaries abounded, such as the Italian-English work of John Florio, called the *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598, which, the authors state, Shakespeare, Jonson, and other well-read Elizabethans would in all probability have known. The fight to keep the English language "pure" by the use of Anglo-Saxon derivatives is shown to have been lost by men like Sir John Cheke, for it seems to have been as difficult to exclude foreign-born words then as it is to be isolationist in one's politics today. "Hard-word" dictionaries were compiled to cope with the problem of foreign derivatives. Particularly interesting is the account of the attempts of the pedagogues, William Bullokar, Richard Mulcaster, and Edmund Coote, to popularize the use of English.

Chapters II to VIII deal chronologically with the outstanding dictionary-makers of the seventeenth century. The various contributions of Robert Cawdrey, John Bullokar, Henry Cockeram, Thomas Blount, Edward Phillips, and Elisha Coles are analysed exhaustively. Chapter II illustrates the clarity of the authors' method. Robert Cawdrey, described simply as a schoolmaster who taught at Okeham, is said to have devised the first English dictionary—*A Table Alphabeticall*—in 1604. The title-page is quoted, indicating that the *Table* "was gathered for the benefit &

helpe of Ladies, Gentlewomen, or any other unskilfull persons." Then Cawdrey's sources are studied, and in order to show the extent and nature of his borrowing from *The English Schoole-Master* of Edmund Coote (1596), the definitions of similar words are placed in parallel columns. This is a graphic device used throughout the text with great advantage to the reader. The number of editions through which the *Table* passed are next noted and dated. (Wherever differences in editions occur, the authors collate their material in a scholarly fashion.) John Bullokar, in his *English Expositor* of 1616, is said to have doubled Cawdrey's vocabulary by admitting "strange and olde" words, and to have been the first to indicate the special field to which a word belongs. To Henry Cockeram goes the honour of first using the title *English Dictionarie*, in 1623. Cockeram is responsible for introducing a great number of Latin words in his endeavour to propagate the use of "more refined and elegant" terms. The authors see in this effort of discrimination between refined and vulgar words an anticipation of the establishment of a standard of good usage. Because Thomas Blount found himself "gravelled" in English books, and by tradesmen who affected the use of foreign words, he attempted in his *Glossographia* of 1656 to interpret all such "hard words" from at least nine foreign languages. Milton's teaching of foreign languages to his nephew, Edward Phillips, bore fruit in the latter's *New World of English Words* published in 1658. This was based so extensively on Blount's *Glossographia*, however, that in 1673 Blount published *A World of Errors Discovered in the New World of Words* charging Phillips with plagiarism and ignorance. The authors' stand with regard to plagiarism reveals their sensible attitude. They maintain that in this early period lexicography progressed by plagiarism, that the best lexicographer was often the most discriminating plagiarist, and that a good dictionary was its own justification, whatever the method of compilation.

In the first half of the eighteenth century, the names of John Kersey, Nathan Bailey, Thomas Dyche, William Pardon, Benjamin Martin, John Wesley, and Samuel Johnson stand out most clearly in the survey, and their works, with the exception of Johnson's, are most carefully studied and compared. John Kersey is described as "the first outstanding lexicographer who called attention at last to the forgotten common word." He revised Phillips' dictionary in 1706 by abandoning "poetical fictions" and substituting "a whole new and technical vocabulary." His *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* of 1708 deserves mention because it was the first abridged one. Three chapters are devoted to the works of Nathan Bailey, whose *Universal Etymological English Dictionary* of 1721 is regarded as "the most popular and representative dictionary of the eighteenth century." Its vocabulary is estimated at approximately 40,000 words, inclusive of many terms from "cant"—that picturesque language of rogues and vagabonds. (For a fascinating and illuminating discussion of this "secret language of the professionally dishonest," see Miss Noyes's article in the Appendix.)

Bailey's second triumph, the *Dictionarium Britannicum* of 1730, is "the second milestone on the road that leads to Johnson and on to scholarly modern lexicography." The latter is said to have used an interleaved copy of Bailey's dictionary as a repository for his several articles. If the reader is tempted to regret that the same thorough analysis of Johnson's contribution has not been made, he must respect the authors' explanation that to have done so would have extended the study twofold.

The book closes with a summary of the achievements of lexicographers up to 1755. By this time definitions were regarded as of prime importance, and etymology was taken seriously. Lexicography was no longer considered to be the interest of dilettantes but the work of scholars. The public valued good dictionaries, and a "super-race of critics" had sprung up. There were also deficiencies, notably in "synonymy and the phonetic treatment of pronunciation," in the inadequate and sometimes incorrect etymologies, and in the lack of grammatical annotations.

Space does not permit more than a mention of the authors' sense of humour, evident in their choice of illustrations, and of their reserve fund of knowledge, revealed particularly in the excellent notes. Students of words will find this book stimulating and satisfying; librarians and students of lexicography will find it indispensable.

SHORTER NOTICES

England in the Eighteen-Eighties: Toward a Social Basis for Freedom. By Helen Merrell Lynd. New York [Toronto]: Oxford University Press. 1945. Pp. ix, 508. ($5.50)

This learned and admirably organized study will be of great utility to all who are interested in England in the second half of the nineteenth century, her social and political history, her thought and letters, or (in other words) in the more immediate origins of contemporary Britain. For Mrs. Lynd does not confine herself to the decade of the 'eighties but uses it as the central and focal point in an investigation that looks before and after. The virtues of the book are those which one would expect from the joint author of *Middletown*, and its limitations (for it has some limitations) are not surprising.

Its theme is the breakdown of the old liberalism as a working or workable creed, with its insistence on individual self-reliance and its sacrosanct principle of laissez-faire, the slow movement towards a more adequate conception of social democracy as the result of the political democracy established in 1867 and extended in 1884, the emergence of organized labour as a force in industry and in politics, and the transformation not merely of attitudes but of the state itself; for the state which individualism had

watched with a jealous eye was still in effect aristocratic, while the state on which collectivism came increasingly to depend was at least potentially democratic.

The catalyst in the change apparent in the eighteen-eighties was the great depression. It revealed the fact that England had lost the economic advantages over all competitors which she had enjoyed ever since she initiated the Industrial Revolution and which had been tacitly assumed in all her social and political thought and action. "Because favoring factors had so long obscured the discrepancy between social fact and social theory, the recognition of this discrepancy . . . came relatively swiftly and abruptly. Between the late 'seventies and the end of the 'eighties the gradual whittling away of economic individualism that had been going on in practice was suddenly recognized in theory, as was also the patent fact that this gradual adaptation was not enough. England in the eighteen-eighties found articulate expression for new norms, new criteria of social values, new conceptions of freedom." Mrs. Lynd is perhaps too keenly conscious of the analogy of America in the nineteen-thirties. Her point of view as an historian is materialist and determinist, but so as still to leave a large field for inductive study. "Since economic liberalism was an ultimately untenable design for industrial society, one can say that . . . this study is concerned simply with the inevitable adaptation of social *mores* to the demands of an increasingly complex society. But recognizing that adaptations of social theory and social fact to each other are bound sooner or later to occur leaves the particular manner of these adaptations still to be accounted for."

Accordingly, Part I, "Changes in the 'Eighties," commences with a chapter on the "Material Environment," closely packed with significant statistics on population, trade, employment (the noun *unemployed* first occurs in 1882) and related topics, and with evidence from the reports of royal commissions ("The 'eighties was a decade of Royal Commissions"). And this is followed by a chapter on the "Environment of Ideas" ("Mill's *Liberty* was no less a part of the environment than were the railroads"). Here the emphasis continues to be predominantly economic, with more opinions from the reports of royal commissions, but with some consideration also of the influence of the Protestant ethic, the influence of natural science, its method and its view of the evolutionary process, of the changing concept of natural law and Mill's and Huxley's meditations on nature, of Mill's doctrine of liberty whose full implications were not always understood until the 'eighties (". . . as the *Wealth of Nations* was for more than a century read as a treatise on production, omitting Adam Smith's discussion of consumption as the end and aim of production, so Mill's *Liberty* was seen through a Benthamite-Ricardian screen"). Inevitably (as we now begin to feel) the next chapter goes to "Intruding Events," with the depression occupying the centre of the picture (more evidence from the royal

commissions), and with Ireland in a subordinate role, not merely as perennial nuisance, but as raising questions of land tenure applicable also to England and seeming dangerously relevant in the decade of Henry George. We have called the intruding events the catalyst. The concluding chapter of the section deals with "Signs of Change." These took the form of: increased government investigation (the royal commissions are a symptom) and somewhat reluctant government action; more frankly collectivist activities (the word *collectivism* first appears in 1880) by municipal bodies, such as the Council of Birmingham and the newly-formed London County Council, destined to be a yet more important laboratory of social change; agitation for reform, such as the *Radical Programme*, which assumed a powerful and active state; and a theory of freedom defined no longer in negative but in positive terms, and likewise demanding as its framework and agent a powerful and active state (here was realized the contribution of the universities, and especially the Oxford of T. H. Green).

Part II considers the "Role of Social Institutions in Change"; and first of "Political Parties." The Conservatives, said Lord Salisbury, did "not advocate organic change," and had no programme for social reform because "sceptical of the benefit of raising such political questions at all." Their opponents, a much more composite group, wandered, said Beatrice Webb, "in and out of the trenches of the old individualists and the scouting parties of the new Socialists with an absence of mind . . . that became . . . the characteristic feature of liberal statesmanship." Each party had its left wing, but Chamberlain's Radicals were much more influential upon Liberalism than Lord Randolph Churchill's Tory Democrats upon Conservatism. By the end of the decade Sidney Webb could write, no doubt too optimistically, "The Liberal Party has now definitely discarded the Individualist Laissez-faire, upon which as a middle-class organization it was so largely founded, and with every approach towards democracy becomes more markedly socialist in character." Upon this political scene entered "Organized Labour," the subject of the next chapter. In 1882 Engels lamented: "There is no workers' party here: there are only Conservatives and Liberal-Radicals; and the workers share the feast of England's monopoly of the world market and the colonies." In 1890 he could rejoice that "the English proletariat, newly awakened from its forty years' winter sleep, [has] again entered the movement of its class. . . . The grandchildren of the old Chartists are entering the line of battle." After the Second Reform Act, as before, the working man had tended (as Arnold predicted that he would) to look to the middle class for leadership and to share its ideals. He "had no consciousness of his position as a proletarian": he did not think of his "welfare apart from the welfare of society as a whole." To explain the "forty years' winter sleep" and the awakening, Mrs. Lynd traces the soporific effects of the Co-operative movement and of the older Trade-unionism, and the challenge to these which the de-

pression brought. She then pauses to consider two social institutions whose effect up to the 'eighties had been largely, though not wholly, negative and retarding, namely, "Religion" and "Education," and comes at last to "Organization for Change" in the contrasting socialisms of the doctrinaire Social Democratic Federation and the eclectic Fabian Society.

The conclusion passes in review those emerging forces that made "Toward Positive Freedom."

The book owes little to brilliance of style. It lacks the vivid strokes of G. M. Young's *Victorian England: Portrait of an Age;* but from it a far clearer picture is obtained, for it has structural pattern, a wealth of related information, and a high degree of sympathetic insight wherever Mrs. Lynd is dealing with Labour and the movement towards socialism. Elsewhere sympathy is absent, however, and preconception and prejudice (often of a quite vulgar kind) rush in to fill the void. This is most evident in the chapters on Religion and Education. It is the special temptation of Mrs. Lynd's type of approach, to over-simplify and to view all impeding influences as corruptly interested. Thus she manifests a very imperfect understanding of the Church of England, even resorting to an extremely dubious use of statistics in an attempt to prove it the church of a minority, and consistently over-emphasizing its unconcern for the plight of the masses. The matter is far more complicated than she supposes. It is not the function of cultural institutions, such as churches and universities, nor can they afford, to be primarily agents of social change. They are naturally dependent. Requiring power, or rather the fruits of power, they are devoid of it; and they inevitably attach themselves to the existing social and political order, that is, to the existing centres of power. But these cultural institutions live by, and exist to proclaim, an attitude and a body of doctrine different from those which pass current where power for the time being resides; and they always contain individuals who are acutely aware of the divergence, and of the insufficiencies of the existing order when judged by the principles of their creed, and who, with varying degrees of impatience, deplore the tendency of the cultural institutions themselves to acquiesce in things as they are. By Mrs. Lynd's own showing, the educational system of Victorian England, from Oxford downwards, and the Established Church, did not lack individuals of this type. But she views them not as part of, but apart from, the institutions in which they made their voice heard, and this is an error. If she had been able to treat English institutions with the same historical imagination and the same sympathetic insight which she bestows upon the Labour movement, the result would have been very different, and *England in the Eighteen-Eighties* would have been a much more satisfactory book.

A. S. P. W.

Prince Henry and English Literature. By ELKIN CALHOUN WILSON. Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press. 1946. Pp. xiv, 188. ($3.00)

IN *Prince Henry and English Literature*, the author of *England's Eliza* continues his collection of tributes to royal personages, on a necessarily smaller and less significant scale than in his earlier volume, since the elder son of King James did not attain, during his short life (1594-1612), anything like the symbolic importance for the English imagination of Queen Elizabeth. It is, nevertheless, useful to have this careful and well documented study of the prince who bade fair, while he lived, to surpass his royal father in generosity and sobriety and in the qualities of the statesman —a feat not so difficult as to strain the imagination to conceive it. Prince Henry inspired a universal chorus of praise and hopeful prophecy among the literary men of his time, as well as a biographical memoir by the treasurer of his household, Sir Charles Cornwallis, and a biography by the eighteenth-century antiquary, Thomas Birch. In the present study, the author writes: "I have written neither orthodox biography nor conventional literary history. Into the short and simple annals of Henry's life I have woven the tributes to him in literature, imaginative and otherwise, and glanced at the stimulus he gave to kindred arts. I am addressing the student of literary history, and using the appealing, if unexciting, chronicle of Henry's brief life as a framework to sustain the portrait of him in the books of his age." Dr. Wilson has surveyed the evidence with a thoroughness that leaves nothing more to be desired.

There is little to be gleaned from contemporary testimony concerning Henry's character beyond the praise of his reputed virtues. He was fond of all manner of exercises befitting a prince, though he did not share his father's passion for the chase. He was positive in enforcing his own wishes, though not headstrong, generous to his dependants and forward in supporting their interests. He early displayed an interest in naval affairs and encouraged the master shipwright, Phineas Pett. He was not bookish, in Bacon's words "a favourer of learning, though rather in the honour he paid it than the time he spent upon it"; yet he acquired the famous library of John, Lord Lumley and added to the collection, and he befriended Sir Walter Raleigh during the latter's confinement in the Tower and professed an interest in his *History of the World*. Henry's own court was celebrated for its cultivation and its decorum—the prince himself had boxes set up at each of his residences "causing all those who did sweare in his hearing to pay moneyes to the same, which were after duly given to the poore." His active support of his sister Elizabeth's marriage to the Elector Palatine raised hopes that he would prove a notable champion of the Protestant cause. But all such hopes were extinguished with the death of the prince, November 6, 1612, from a fever that has been conjecturally diagnosed as typhoid. The most judicious verdict pronounced upon him was that of Bacon: "Many points there were indeed in this prince's nature which were

obscure, and could not be discovered by any man's judgement, but only by time, which was not allowed him. Those however which appeared were excellent; which is enough for fame."

The literary world of Henry's day echoed with the prince's praises. Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Jonson, Hall, Drummond, Campion, Owen, and a host of lesser voices joined in the paean of adulation; but most of these effusions were conventional flatteries and included no very noteworthy literary work, unless we include Chapman's *Homer* and Raleigh's *History*, for the sake of the tributes they contain. Prince Henry can hardly be said to have exerted an important influence upon English letters; even the modest suggestion of Dr. Wilson that the elegies upon Henry's death may have influenced Milton's *Lycidas* is not capable of proof. But Prince Henry did inspire genuine feeling and high hopes in his father's subjects, and his death was properly regarded as a national misfortune. It is fitting that the account of his life and the impression he left upon the literature of his time should be made available in this scholarly study.

H. S. W.

"The Saga of Elsie Dinsmore." By JANET E. BROWN. (*University of Buffalo Studies*, vol. XVII, no. 3, 1945, pp. 75-131).

IT is possible, even in these degenerate days, to find in the book section of a Canadian department store copies of the Elsie books. Not, of course, all twenty-eight of Martha Finley's volumes, but sufficient to show that Elsie is still alive. How is it, the reader asks, as he rediscovers Elsie's sweet sentimentalities and evangelical fervours, how is it that this little masochist and pharisee endures into our age of child psychology and proletarian self-consciousness? The preservative element, he quickly discovers, is not in Miss Finley's literary style, for that is non-existent. It must be found elsewhere, and most probably in the fact that Elsie is a visionary child, the projection of unrealized desires and hidden needs. In her own slight and unimpressive fashion she shares the vitality of Emily Brontë's Heathcliffe: utterly preposterous, Elsie is nevertheless memorable because she is an embodiment in a dream.

To this aspect of Martha Finley's work the author of "The Saga of Elsie Dinsmore" has given a good deal of attention. It becomes clear that the essence of the Elsie series, written over a period of nearly forty years, resides in the figure of a little girl passionately devoted to her father, opposing him only when religious issues are at stake and then in an agony of reluctance. Mr. Dinsmore is at last converted and life becomes a paradise containing loving father and obedient child. That Elsie marries Mr. Travilla (her father's friend) and acquires eight children before returning as a widow; that other pairs of characters repeat, chorus-like, the Elsie theme; that

Klansmen attack the Travilla estate (but are frightened off by Cousin Ronald the ventriloquist)—none of these or similar additions disturbs the early, elemental, and dominant pattern of the Elsie saga.

Besides elucidating this thematic unity of the series, Miss Brown develops the meaning of the popularity of the Elsie books. Martha Finley's dream of life under a stern, loving, protective, demanding father in circumstances of domestic comfort, great but vague wealth, Southern chivalry, orthodox religion, and noble patriotism was a dream shared by millions of her generation. "More people read *Elsie Dinsmore* than read *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*, a commentary which must have discouraged contemporary scholars, but which is of great interest now."

Much can be learned from such studies of popular second-rate writing; the peaks of literature do not compose the whole landscape. Mr. George Orwell has surveyed to some purpose even the low regions of boys' magazines and picture postcards. Among juvenile books of the last century there is much to repay critical scrutiny: Maria Charlesworth's *Ministering Children* ("tea and tears") and F. W. Farrar's *Eric, or Little by Little* come immediately to mind. Miss Brown's lively and scholarly little treatise has settled Elsie's place in the nineteenth-century garden landscape. Other children may dimly be seen among the shrubberies ready to come when called.

R. D.

The Aboriginal Tribes of Hyderabad. Volume II. *The Reddis of the Bison Hills: A Study in Acculturation.* By CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF in collaboration with ELIZABETH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF, with a foreword by J. P. MILLS, Honorary Director of Ethnography to the Government of Assam. Bombay and London: Macmillan and Co. [Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada]. 1945. Pp. xvii, 374.

THE problems of India today are set on an enormous scale. Religious groups, political organizations, independent states, economic groups, all are striving to maintain or better their position, and each represents millions of people seeking adjustment in a complex world. Most books on India aim to give an over-all picture of this medley of human beings and human aims. The conflicting desires of Hindus and Mohammedans are brought out clearly, but the Canadian reader is apt to lose sight of the simpler tribes of India, the people whose life is passed in small hill villages, people who live in a backwater of modern progress, but who have been in India for thousands of years and to whom the term "Indian" may more aptly be applied than to many of the later and more strongly organized groups. This volume gives a clear picture of the life of one of these forgotten groups, the Reddis of the Eastern Ghats of Hyderabad.

An anthropologist describing a people must fulfil two purposes. He must win the confidence of those among whom he is working and succeed in understanding their life so that he can describe their social structure, their economic problems, and their religious beliefs for the benefit of his fellow-scientists. A good anthropologist must do more. He must be able to describe them as human beings, so that the historian and social scientist can read and understand the problems of a people whose mode of life is cast in an unfamiliar background. In both these desiderata the author has been successful. *The Reddis* will rank as one of the good anthropological monographs of all time. It is well written, beautifully illustrated, and well printed. Furthermore, the author never forgets that he is dealing with human beings and his descriptions of village life, of courtship, and of children, leave the reader with a clear picture of a simple population, descendants of the Pre-Dravidians, who inhabited India long before the birth of Hinduism or Mohammedanism. They are hill people, clearing the forests for their small fields which they cultivate with digging stick and hoe, and with, in recent years, a few oxen to pull their ploughs. Economically therefore, they illustrate three phases in the development of agriculture. In some respects the Reddis must rank as one of the least developed of all contemporary peoples, with little music, little art, few traditions, and with relatively few religious rituals. Their life is a constant struggle for food, a struggle which they face with a cheerful philosophy and a fondness for palm-wine. The modern industrial age had pressed upon the Reddis, and, living in dense malarial jungles reached only by foot-paths, they had become virtual peons for timber contractors, with their plight unknown to the Hyderabad government. As the result of a preliminary report made by the author, protective legislation has been passed and, with assistance, a co-operative lumbering project has been started which has already improved both the economic position and the morale of the Reddis. Not least of the values of the study of man is its application to the problems of government.

At the present time when the problems and the rights of native peoples are matters of serious consideration throughout the world, this description of one of the simplest groups of mankind and of their reaction to contact is particularly pertinent. It illustrates, too, one aspect of the manifold complexities in the establishment of a government safeguarding the rights of all in India.

T. F. McI.